

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

AUGUST

1926



EDITED BY
LEONARD HUXLEY

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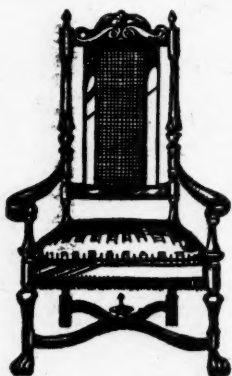
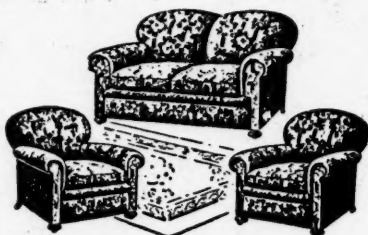


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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE ADVERTISER, AUGUST 1926.

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SOME ASPECTS OF ITS WORK

III.—PROFESSIONS AND OCCUPATIONS OF THE BLIND

The Blind Musician.—In addition to the production of Braille books and periodicals, described last month, the Institute produces Braille music. Every musical sound and harmony can be represented in Braille, and music is an occupation in which the blind can compete successfully with the sighted. When learning a new piece, the blind run their fingers over the Braille music and then play the chords on the piano, finally learning the whole piece by heart. Blind organists are deservedly famous, and, from the organ at the Institute, recitals by well-known musicians are frequently broadcast on Sunday afternoons. Piano-tuning is another musical occupation in which the blind are very competent, and the Institute has a special Piano-tuners' Employment Bureau.

The Blind Masseuse.—Massage is an excellent profession for the blind. At the Institute's Massage School, blind men and women are trained to become healers of the sighted. The Principal, himself blind, passed his examinations first in all England, in competition with the sighted. The instruction provided includes actual demonstration of all treatments, and courses in anatomy, internal organs, medical gymnastics and medical electricity. In addition to the School, the Institute has an After Care Department and a special Library for Blind Masseuses and Masseuses.

The Blind Secretary.—Eminently successful as musicians and masseuses, the blind are also trained to become very capable secretaries. Shorthand notes are taken down from dictation on an ingenious Braille shorthand machine (invented by the late Secretary-General of the Institute, Mr. H. Stainsby), and perfectly transcribed into ordinary type on an ordinary typewriter. Many blind shorthand typists are employed at the Institute.

The Blind Telephonist.—Marvellous as it may seem, telephony is another occupation in which blind men and women are most successful, and a blind telephonist effectively operates the telephone board at the Institute, which has 4 lines and 40 extensions.

The Blind Handicraftsman.—Many blind people earn good money at handicrafts such as basket-making, knitting, netting, etc. Some of these have lost their sight in adult life, and are supplied by the Institute with expert instruction. The Institute also provides home workers with raw material at cost price and markets the finished articles. A specially-constructed motor van tours the Home Counties, and sells goods made by the blind in country towns and on village greens. To buy such goods is an excellent way to help the blind to help themselves.

(To be continued next month)

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Who is P. C. Wren?



FEW of the people who have read the stories of the French Foreign Legion, written by P. C. Wren, can have failed to remark their intense reality and to wonder whence came the passionate sincerity which animates the children of his imagination and quickens interest in them. Many have instinctively come to the right conclusion: that Major Wren himself has lived the life depicted in his books. Since leaving Oxford he has travelled into many parts of the world in search of experience and adventure. To that end he has seen life from the point of view of a sailor, professor of pedagogic psychology, navvy, tramp, J.P., schoolmaster, journalist, physical culture expert, explorer, boxer, hunter, slum-dwelling costermonger, and college principal, and he has seen service in three armies. Few readers will be surprised to learn that he has served as a Legionary in the French Foreign Legion; but he has also been a Trooper in a crack British Cavalry Regiment, a Major in the India Defence Force, and he fought in East Africa during the Great War. Major Wren is descended from a near relative of the great Sir Christopher, one Matthew Wren, who fell at the battle of Edgehill. Major Wren was well known as a writer in India, when Assistant Director of Public Instruction in the Indian Educational Service, before he gained world-wide fame with his thrilling adventure story, 'BEAU GESTE.'

BOOK NOTES FOR AUGUST

The Truth

FEW theological works can have achieved the spontaneous success won by Bishop Gore's new book, *Can We Then Believe?* which was published in the early part of July. The reason is probably that, contrary to popular acceptance, religion still interests the majority of people and that Bishop Gore is widely known not only as one of the great forces of the Church, but also as a writer who can be relied upon to present his case lucidly and in a dignified manner. His new book is composed largely of the lectures which he delivered at St. Paul's during Lent as the 'White Lectures'—a legacy of 1622. It follows his Great Trilogy on the Reconstruction of Belief and, briefly, while considering criticism and recent theological literature, it goes straight to the heart of those important religious questions about which so many have found themselves unable to decide. A principal obstacle to decision is undoubtedly the controversies current in the Church itself. Such controversies are bewildering, for their temporary prominence serves to obscure the solidity upon which the Church rests, and the constant recurrence even of superficial controversy gives cause and scope for scepticism and distrust. Dr. Gore realises this. Here he deals with the fundamentals of belief and with the relation of these fundamentals to science, reason, magic, and superstition. His book is one of high value: eminently readable, eminently reasonable. It will be appreciated by the ordinary educated readers to whom it is addressed.

The Exceptional

SIR EDWARD CLARKE has received many compliments on his life of *Benjamin Disraeli*. The Press has seized upon his great age and has expressed its wonder and admiration at, what it considers, an exceptional accomplishment. The exceptional is not, however, a stranger to Sir Edward. He had known many 'occasions' and has risen to them and achieved the exceptional wonderfully—and in this biography he had a subject worthy of his own mettle. His life of 'the greatest Englishman of his time' is written with insight and sympathy. Upon the author the changeable 'conclusions' of history have no influence—he *knew* Disraeli—and though his story cannot possess the scope of the monumental work of Messrs. Moneypenny and Buckle, yet it has qualities all its own. It omits singularly little and it owns

An important contribution to the literature of the American revolution by one who has been aptly described by Sir Edmund Gosse as 'the hope of literary history, the paladin to whom we look to deliver us from the dragon of historical dreariness.'



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BOOK NOTES FOR AUGUST

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An Authority

A SECOND, revised, edition of Volume I of *The Arts in Early England*, by Professor G. Baldwin Brown, is noteworthy. There is no more painstaking or comprehensive work on Anglo-Saxon art than this standard work. Since first it was published its leadership has never been seriously challenged—evidence enough of the research and the scholarship upon which it is based. This first volume deals with the life of Saxon England in its relation to the arts, and is intended to provide the information which a reader of general culture would find useful in the study of Anglo-Saxon monuments. The author explains that this study has been carried out by himself rather under the open skies in lovely English villages than in muniment rooms or even in libraries. The artistic legacies of our forefathers that remain *in situ* are solid things to be seen and touched. They are readily available, and the study of them provides one of the purest of æsthetic pleasures, to the full enjoyment of which the volume in question is the authoritative introduction.

Mere Words

ONE of the greatest of European philologists, speaking at Prague in the spring of 1925, regretted the lack of historical treatment in etymological dictionaries. Dictionaries of this kind, it is remarked, give the origins of words, but seldom refer to the circuitous and adventurous route by which they have arrived at their present meanings. Now Professor Weekly, known for his researches into philology and his books on words, names, surnames, and modern English, has completed a most interesting volume which in seventy-four 'short stories' tells of the escapades to date of seventy-four unruly words. They are most fascinating 'stories' and are to be published under the title *Words Ancient and Modern*.

Idolatry

THE first issue of the Thin Paper Edition of the works of A. C. Benson is completed with the publication during July of *The Upton Letters* and *From a College Window*. The two titles bring forward certain considerations on the question of popularity which



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BOOK NOTES FOR AUGUST

are not uninteresting. In England, public taste selected *The House of Quiet* and *The Thread of Gold* as the best of a long list of works. In America, *The Upton Letters* was highly popular, but *From a College Window* took the place by storm. Within a few months of its appearance on the other side there began an American pilgrimage to Magdalene College, where the particular window from which the Master had looked out became an object of veneration. In casting about for a reason for what might appear the unreasonable popularity of the book and the manner in which popularity vented its feelings, one is led to wonder if it might not lie in the concreteness of the title itself. *From a College Window* is a phrase which gave the American public something definite on which to grasp. Facile imagination pictured the place: ivy-bordered, home-like in the fading light of evening, which tuned with the book's own note. There was romance in it, mystery, perhaps; magnetism, certainly. In it became materialised the spirit of the writer, clear and beautiful, for whom they had an affection—and they came to do their homage before an idol they could see and realise, where a thread of gold was impalpable and elusive and a quiet house, incomprehensible.

True to Type

PIG IRON, Charles G. Norris's new novel, is out, and it is well worth the little additional effort the reading of it demands. It is a long novel, dealing with almost the complete life of the principal character, Samuel Osgood Smith, and it presents a carefully drawn picture of 'average' American life, an engrossing story of success and failure and hard work and foresight and love and character development, and a point of view, which blend to give both pleasure and satisfaction to the reader. Very few American novels illuminate American life, manners, and citizens with an uncoloured beam. In so doing, *Pig Iron* becomes one with *Main Street* and one or two of the novels of Ellen Glasgow, and as such it merits attention.

Grave and Gay

OF the other novels published during July, *Sheaves from the Cornhill*, with its competition for readers, is proving highly attractive. Estimates on the comparative popularity of the stories are difficult to make; there seem to be so many considerations—*The*

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BOOK NOTES FOR AUGUST

Poor Man's Pig, *Created He Them*, *Something To Be Forgotten*, *The Assisted Pilgrim*, and others demand third reading before being relegated to second place. The outcome of the competition will be extremely interesting and useful. *Children of the Border*, by Mrs. Theodore Pennell, which owns an unusual feature in a foreword by Field-Marshal Sir William R. Birdwood, is being noticed as a good type of Afghan novel. *The Bonnie Earl* by Amy McLaren is selling well. It is one of those freshly written, optimistic tales about the kind of people one likes to meet, and is packed full of incident. It should add to the author's reputation which, particularly north of the Border, is a high one.

Uniformity

THREE novels by P. C. Wren, to whom *Beau Geste* has brought literary honours, are to be published shortly in uniform bindings. They are *The Snake and the Sword*, *Father Gregory*, and *Dew and Mildew*. The last, a tale of Hindustan, based upon a fakir's curse, has been likened to Kipling's work, being distinctive in its portrayal of Indian character. The first is a dramatic story of a man pursued by Fate, working through pre-natal causes to tragic effects, which is written without compromise, while *Father Gregory* tells of the presiding genius of a unique club, his work with its members and of the mystery which surrounds his life. The author's latest books ensure warm welcomes for these.

Land's End

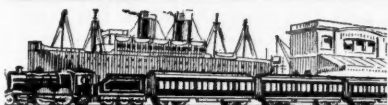
THE Cheap Edition of J. C. Tregarthen's novel, *John Penrose*, provides an opportunity to read this classic of the Land's End which will be taken by many. It is a thoroughly good romance. It does for that wild region what *Lorna Doone* has done for Exmoor and is written by one to whom Land's End is dear indeed, and who translates his inspiration magically. There are four new Cheap Editions of novels by Maud Diver, too, which are deserving of attention. Mrs. Diver translates India in all its manifold lines, all its romance, its danger, and its magnetism. She has won for herself a place in the foremost ranks of modern novelists. She is artistic, and her stories—to quote the *Daily Graphic*—‘set in strong relief those qualities of our race which have given us the victory.’ *Strange Roads*, *The Strong Hours*, *Unconquered*, and *Siege Perilous* are typical novels which may be read for enjoyment in the tale as in the telling.

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BOOK NOTES FOR AUGUST

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Next Month

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for September will contain, among other contributions, the opening of a new serial, *The Winds of March*, by Halliwell Sutcliffe.

A timely account of a social experiment: *Where Loafers are turned into Workers*, by Edith Sellers.

The Beloved Physician, the crowning chapter in the life-work of the great doctor, Sir James Mackenzie, by Dr. R. McNair Wilson.

In September or October will also appear *The Shuttle: A Soldier in the Desert*, by Major H. W. Young, C.M.G., D.S.O., telling the story of the great desert raid which cut the Hejaz railway, and left the Turks without supports or reinforcements during Allenby's advance.

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All that is necessary is that you read the stories contained in *Sheaves from the Cornhill*; select what in your judgment is the order of their popularity, and send in the list to Mr. Murray. The following rules must be observed:

RULES

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2. Entries must bear the name (or *nom de plume*) and address of the competitor and must be posted not later than August 31st, 1926.

3. The prizes will be awarded to the competitors whose respective lists correspond or most nearly correspond to the general opinion.

4. There are no restrictions as to the number of lists submitted provided Rules 1 and 2 are observed in each case.

5. Mr. Murray undertakes that the adjudication shall be correctly made. His decision must be accepted as final, and no correspondence can be entered into on the subject.

6. All entries must be addressed to Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street, London, W.1, and to bear the word 'Competition' in the top left hand corner.

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EDITED BY
LEONARD HUXLEY



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Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the care of JOHN MURRAY, 50A Albemarle Street, W. 1.

All Contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned when accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope; but the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for any accidental loss. MSS. cannot be delivered on personal application. Articles of a political nature are not accepted. Every Contribution should be typewritten on one side of each leaf only, and should bear the Name and Address of the Sender; a preliminary letter is not desired.



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THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1926.

WHO RIDETH ALONE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LA FEMME DISPOSE.

YOLUBA, the seven-foot Soudanese slave, on sentry-go outside the Guest-tent, heard the murmur of voices rising and falling within. That did not interest him in the least. Nothing interested him greatly, save to get the maximum of food, love, fighting, and sleep, and the approbation of his Lord the Sidi el Hamel el Kebir, Commander of the Faithful and Shadow of Heaven. To do this, orders must be obeyed promptly and exactly. Present orders were to prevent the *Franzawi* Sidi from leaving the Guest-tent—firmly but respectfully to tell him he must stay within, because the sun (or moon) was very hot without.

Suddenly the voices ceased and then the *Franzawi's* rose to an angry and abusive shout! Should he rush in?

No—for the Emir and the Vizier were coming out.

'I hand it to you, Hank Sheikh,' admitted the Vizier, as the two entered the pavilion of the Emir. 'Boje cert'nly spoke up like a man. . . . He's made good *so far*.'

'You can hand me ten chips too, Son,' observed the Emir. 'And if you go on with it, you'll hand me a hundred. I'll let you back out if you wanta quit. . . . In fact I'd like you to. I hate playing a low-down trick on a brave man. . . .'

'Cut out the sob-stuff, Hank Sheikh,' was the prompt reply. 'If he's the blue-eyed hero, let him live up to it—or *die* up to it. He won't know it's a trick either, the way I figger it. 'Sides, you're so all-fired anxious about Miss Vanbrugh—let's see if he's solid, before you give him your blessin' and a weddin'-present.'

'What's the frame-up, Son?' asked the Emir.

'Why—we're goin' to be the fierce and changeable, treacherous Sheikhs on him for a bit, and get him buffaloed. Then we'll pay another midnight call on him, an' tell him he's sure hurt our tenderest

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feelin's—callin' ns dorgs an' pigs an' such. . . . Got to be wiped out in blood. . . . But we don't want to wipe a guest ourselves—so if he likes to do it himself, we'll let the girls go free and uninjured immediately.'

'And if he won't?'

'Then we say, "Very well, Mr. Roumi. Then the gals come into our hareems, the Treaty gets signed, an' you can get to Hell outa this with it. . . ."'

'And if he says, "*How can I trust you to do me a square deal when I'm dead?*"'

'Then we say, "*You GOTTA trust us. No option. But when we noble savages give our word on the Q'ran—it goes.*"'

'And how do we work it? . . . Tell R'Orab to pull the cartridges outa his gun beforehand, and then let him shoot himself with an empty gun. . . . When it clicks, our stony bosoms relent and we embrace him in tears. . . . That it?' asked the Emir.

'Nope. Too easy a death. Nothing in shootin' yourself. 'Sides, he might find his gun had been emptied, an' double-cross us. Shoot himself with the empty gun, grinnin' up his sleeve meantime.'

'What then?'

'Nasty sticky death. Poison.'

'He might drink it, feeling sure it was a bluff and grinning to himself while hopin' for the best.'

'He's goin' to know it's poison. Good forty-mile, mule-slayin', weed-killer. . . . What we took off old Abdul Salam. . . . He's going to see it kill a dorg.'

'Well, it'll kill *him* then, won't it?'

'Nope. The poison'll be in the poor dorg's drinkin'-water *already*. Then I'll pour half a gill of *pure milk* into it, an' the li'll dorg drinks an' hands in his checks *pronto*. . . . Then I give the rest o' the milk to Boje in his cawfee. . . . Then it's up to him. . . . *If* he drinks, you get a hundred bucks, an' Boje gets Miss Vanbrugh. . . .'

'An' if he don't?'

'We'll ride him outa town an' tell Miss Vanbrugh that the li'll hero—what was goin' to live for her—didn't see his way to *die* for her.'

'You can tell her, Bud. . . . I'll be somewhere else at the moment. . . .'

'Well—we ain't goin' to put him in any danger, nor do a thing to him, are we?'

'Not a thing. . . . And you're going to a girl to bear the glad news that her hero's slunk off and left her because his hide was in danger and to get his Treaty signed. Shake, Son, I admire a brave man.'

'But it'll be *true*, won't it?' expostulated the Vizier.

'Yes, Son—and that's what she'll never forgive you,' replied the Emir.

'But it won't be,' he added. 'Boje'll lap that fake poison of yours like you'd drink whisky. . . . And he'll come outa this job better'n we shall. . . . I don't like it, Son. Sure thing, I don't—but it'll come back on your own silly head. . . . Mary'll love the Major all the more, and our name'll be Stinkin' Mud. . . . The Major'll love Mary all the more, because he tried to die for her. . . .'

'Die nothing!' jeered the Vizier. 'He's only a furriner an' a scent-smelling ornament. . . . Drinkin' poison at three o'clock in the morning's a tougher proposition than shootin' off guns in a scrap. . . . 'Sides—s'pose he did play the li'll hero an' drink the fatal draught to save his loved one's life—he won't tell her about it afterwards, will he? 'Specially when he finds it was all a fake?'

'No. He won't say anything, Son. But *I* shall. If Boje swills dorg-slaying poison on an empty stomach in the nasty small hours o' the morning, he's goin' to get the credit for it—an' I'll see he does. . . .'

'Well—he won't, Hank Sheikh, so don't spend those hundred bucks before you collect. . . . Well, I'm goin' to hit it for the downy. . . .'

The Emir sat stroking his beard reflectively, and murmured, '*Wallahi!* Verily "*he worketh well who worketh with Allah,*" saith The Book. . . . Bust me if *I* know—Anyway, it'd settle that li'll girl's doubts once for all—an' poor Ole Man Dufour's ghost won't worry her. . . . If I guess her right, she hates one little corner of Boje and worships the rest of him with all her soul. . . . It's an awful low-down trick in a way—but it'll settle things once for all for Miss Mary Vanbrugh. . . . If Boje is a dyed-in-the-wool and blowed-in-the-glass bachelor, with his work as his wife and his job as his mistress, she better know it—the sooner the quicker. . . . It is a low-down game, Bud—awful mean and ornery—but those Secret Service guys cert'nly spend their lives in bluffing and playing tricks. . . . It's their job. . . . And they ought to take it in good part if they're bluffed themselves. . . . *Bluff!* Gee! What a bluff to pull on the bluff-merchant! . . . Well, let it rip. . . .'

'Sure thing,' replied the departing Vizier. 'G'night, pard. *Emshi besselema.*'

As the Emir and his Vizier rode back from visiting the camp of the emissary of the Sultan of Stamboul and his great Brother; and from watching the drill of the camel-corps recruits; inspecting the *fondouk* and lines; and generally doing the things that most Oriental Rulers leave to others to leave undone, the Emir asked his Vizier if he had slept well, and if he had risen in a better frame of mind.

'I'm goin' to try Bojolly out, I tell you,' replied the Vizier.

'And you got it clear that whether he stands or falls, it won't do you any good with Miss Vanbrugh?'

'Yup. I done with women. My heart's broke—but I shall get over it. I don't ask any girl twice. She refused me flat. Quite nice but quite certain. *And*, when I called Bojolly down quite nasty an' still more certain. . . . No, Hank, my heart's broke, but I'm facin' up to life like a man. . . .'

'Sure thing, Bud. . . . Now drop this foolishness about the Major. It won't do any good. . . .'

'Do some good if it saves Miss Vanbrugh from a fortune-huntin' French furriner, won't it? American girls should marry American men. . . .'

'And American men should marry American girls, I s'pose?' observed the Emir.

'You said it, Son. . . . Say—ain't that li'll Maudie-girl some peach? . . .'

'She surely is. . . . Pity your heart's broke, Bud. Still—American men gotta marry American girls, anyway.'

'Well—Anglo-Saxon men oughta marry Anglo-Saxon girls, I mean. *Course* they ought. . . . No frills an' doo-dahs about Maudie, if she *is* British. . . . Make a fine plain wife fer a plain man. . . .'

'You cert'nly *are* a plain man, Bud,' admitted the Emir reluctantly. 'Maudie may be engaged already,' he added.

'She don't wear any ring. . . . I looked to see . . .'

replied the Vizier.

'Well—I *have* known engaged girls not wear a ring, Son,' admitted the Emir.

'Then they was engaged to mean skunks,' decided the Vizier, and burst into song. His broken heart evidently *was* mending, and cool dawn in the desert is a very stimulating, lovely hour. The Emir smiled tolerantly as he listened to one more variation of

The Old Chisholm Trail. . . . All was well with Buddy when Buddy sang. . . .

'Wish I got my ole mouth-organ,' observed the Vizier.

'Your mouth is an organ in itself, Son,' replied the Emir, as the Vizier again lifted up his voice and informed the wide Sahara that:

'Ole Hank Sheikh was a fine ole Boss,
Rode off with a gal on a fat-backed hoss,
Ole Hank Sheikh was fond of his liquor,
Allus had a bottle in the pocket of his slicker.' . . .

'How you know I rode off with a girl on a fat-backed hoss, Son?' asked the Emir, as the Vizier paused for breath.

'I didn't,' admitted the Vizier. . . . 'Did you? Sorta thing you *would* do. . . . Many a true word spoken in jest. . . .'

'Sure, Son. And many a true jest spoken in words,' agreed the Emir.

They rode on. 'Sing some more, Son,' requested the Emir. 'Thy voice delights me, O Father of a Thousand Nightingales. . . . It's good training for these high-strung Arab hosses. . . . Make the animals calm in a mere battle. . . .'

And the Vizier continued the Saga, in the vein of the history-recording troubadours of old:

'Foot in the stirrup and hand on the horn,
Worst old Sheikh that ever was born.
Foot in the stirrup, then his seat to the sky,
Worst old Sheikh that ever rode by.' . . .

Beside a little irrigation-runlet Miss Maudie Atkinson sat—and waited, her mental attitude somewhat that with which she had been familiar all her life at the hour of one on the Sabbath Day, '*For what we are about to receive*. . . .' Emerging from the Guest-tent, at what, after much peeping, she considered to be a propitious moment, she had strolled past the tents of her *fiancé* (*her fiancé!*), the Great Sheikh, and walked slowly towards a strategic spot. Here she threw off her *barracan* and stood revealed, Maudie Atkinson, in a nice cotton frock, white stockings and white shoes. Much more attractive to Arab eyes, she was sure, than shapeless swaddlings of a lot of blooming night-dresses and baggy trousers. . . . Silly clo'es for a girl with a figger. . . . Would he come? . . . Sure to, he wasn't too busy, or hadn't got to take Miss Mary for a ride. . . . When would that nice Major come up to the scratch, and take

what was waiting for him? . . . Oh, what happy, lucky girls she and Miss Mary were! . . . Would he come? A shadow moved beside her and she turned. Golly! It was the little one. Didn't he look a nib in those gay robes!

'Good-evening, sir,' said Maudie.

'Evening, Miss,' replied the Vizier. 'Shall we go for a lill' stroll under the trees?'

'I don't mind if we do, sir,' said Maudie, rising promptly. (*Sheikhs!*)

'I been admiring you ever since you come, Miss,' observed the Vizier as they strolled off.

'No! Straight? Have you *reely*?' ejaculated Maudie.

'Sure. All the time,' replied her companion with conviction. 'In fact, I follered you to-night to say so—an' to ask you if you thought you an' me might hitch up an' be pards. . . .'

'I don't mind, sir,' said Maudie. 'Fancy *you* speaking English, too. . . .'

'Yes, Miss. . . . Er—yes. You see, I sent for a handbook as soon as I saw you that night.'

'No! Not *reely*?'

'Sure! Fact! Would I tell you a *lie*? But you must never let Major Bojolly know.'

'Oh no, sir. Miss Vanbrugh said she'd kill me if I did. . . . As if I *would*! Besides, I never see him now. Why are you keeping him a prisoner?'

'Oh, we're just making sure he doesn't run off an' take you two ladies away from us. . . .'

'He don't take *me*! I'll watch it,' asserted Miss Maud Atkinson.

'My heart would cert'nly break if he did. . . . Miss Maudie, will you marry me?'

'Oh, *sir*! If you'd only spoke sooner!' Maudie looked down and blushed. 'I'm engaged to the other Sheikh. . . . We're going to be married twice and have two honeymoons. . . . It's reely very kind of you, sir, but things being as they are, I . . .'

Maudie looked up. But the Sheikh had gone. . . .

A few minutes later he thrust his head into the sleeping-tent of the Emir, where that gentleman, dressing for dinner, was washing his feet.

With a horrible scowl and a display of gleaming teeth, the Vizier gazed upon his Lord.

'O you Rambunctious Ole Goat,' he hissed, and withdrew his Gorgon head from the aperture.

But, being a man of noble forbearance and generosity, this was the only allusion made by the Vizier to the human frailties of his Lord. The soul of determination, and slow to accept defeat, he remarked during the course of the evening *faddhl*:

'Say, Hank—how you like to be a *real* brother-in-law to a Sheikh?'

'Fine, Bud. . . . You got a sister for me to marry?'

'No, Son. And if I had I'd be pertickler who she married to. . . . No, I meant a real Sheikh, and I was referring to me bein' his brother-in-law.'

'You got me buffaloed, Pard. Spell it.'

'S'pose I was to marry Miss Leila Nakhla, then? I'd be brother-in-law to the young Sheikh, wouldn't I?'

'Yup. And own brother to a dam' fool.'

'Jealous of me again, Hank Sheikh?'

'You got marryin' on the brain, or where your brain oughter be, Buddy Bashaw. . . . You had a rise in salary—or feelin' the Spring?'

'It's partly your bad example, an' partly seein' these lovely white girls, Hank. . . . I'm all of a doodah. I wanta marry an' I wanta go Home. . . . I sets on end by the hour and sings *The Old Chisholm Trail* . . . and then I keeps on sayin' "*Idaho, Montana, Utah, Oregon, Nevada, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, California*"—till you'd think I was going potty. . . .'

'No, I'd never think you was *going* potty, Son,' observed the Emir, regarding the face of his Vizier benignly. 'How long you had this consumin' passion for Leila?' he asked.

'I got up with it this very morning, Hank Sheikh. I s'pose it *is* your bad example? . . . I dunno. . . . I think I'll go an' have a talk with ole Daddy Pertater and see what he knows about me an' Leila gettin' engaged. . . . As you made him guardian, I s'pose he gets the rake-off?'

'Sure, Son. . . . I allow I'd better go down the bazaar and buy the weddin' present. Have a toast-rack or fish-knives, Brigham-Young-and-Bring'em-Often?'

'Gee, Hank! If your brains was a furnace there wouldn't be enough fire to scorch your hat. . . . I'm goin' to call on Daddy Pertater right now. . . .'

But when after speaking with old Sidi Dawad Fetata of all other subjects on the earth, in the heavens above, and in the waters under the earth, the Vizier inquired—with meaning—as to the health and happiness of the Sitt Leila Nakhla, he learned a strange thing.

'My heart is sore for her, Sidi,' announced the old man. 'She is possessed of *djinns*. . . . She cannot sleep. . . . Every night she rises from her cushions and goes forth to walk beneath the stars. Old Bint Fatma follows her, and she says the girl talks with spirits and *afrits*. . . . Always, too, she stands near the tent of the Emir and calls the protection of the Prophet and the blessings of Allah upon him. . . . No, she sleeps not, and neither does she eat. . . .'

'Marriage worketh wonders with women,' suggested the Vizier.

'Ya, Sidi,' agreed the old man. 'But the poor Leila's pale bridegroom will be Death. . . . She will not live to marry my grandson—and he will pine for her and die also. . . . I am an old man, Sidi, but the grave will close upon her and upon him, while I yet cumber the earth. . . .'

'And what do you know about *that* for a merry old crape-hanger, my son?' the Vizier asked himself as he strolled to his tent.

Hadji Abdul Salam, doctor and saint, entertained visitors that evening. 'Often they sleep in the big pavilion where they have sat and *faddhled* till nearly dawn,' he said to the more important of his two guests. 'More often they sleep each in his own tent. . . . There is usually a Soudanese sentry on the beat between the Guest-tent and those of the Emir and the Vizier.'

'We can wait till your man is on duty,' said Suleiman the Strong, called El Ma'ian, 'or if it be a Soudanese, we can kill him.'

'There might be a noise, and if you are caught—I do not think you will leave his presence alive, a second time. . . . He knows it was you who sent the Emir Mahommed Bishari bin Mustapha abd Rabu's assassin, too. . . .'

'There will be no noise,' said Suleiman the Strong, grimly.

'Nor must either the Emir or the Vizier make a sound in dying,' warned the good Hadji. 'They are lions possessed by devils, and each would spring to the help of the other. . . .'

'Yea. See to it, thou Abdullah el Jemmal, that thy man dies swiftly and in silence,' growled Suleiman.

'Right through the heart, Sidi—or across the throat a slash that all but takes the head off,' smiled Abdullah, 'according to how he lies in sleep.'

'Bungle not—or the Hadji here will put a curse upon thee that shall cause the flesh to rot from thy bones.'

'Oh, yes!' chirped the doctor, 'Surely! . . . Be not taken

alive in thy bungling, sweet Abdullah. A quick death will be a lovely thing in comparison with what I will arrange for thee, shouldst thou spoil our plans.'

'And if I do my part well, I have *medjidies*, camels, women, tents—to my heart's desire, and be made a man of consequence in the Tribe?' said Abdullah the camel-man.

'Yea! Verily! After the dawn that sees the death of the Emir and the Vizier thou wilt never work again, Abdullah—never sweat, nor hunger, nor thirst again, good Abdullah.'

'Dost thou swear it, Sidi Hadji—on the Q'ran?' asked the camel-driver.

'I swear on the Q'ran, and on my head and my life and by the Beard of the Prophet and the Sacred Names of Allah that thou shalt never hunger nor thirst again, Abdullah, after thou hast slain the Vizier.'

'Yes,' added Suleiman the Strong, with a sinisterly humorous glance into the merry face of the Hadji, 'I myself will see to it that thou shalt *never hunger nor thirst again*, gentle Abdullah,' and he displayed gleaming teeth in a smile that quite won the camel-man's heart.

How delightful to bask in the smiles of the future rulers of the Tribe, and to know that one was shortly to become a Person of Quality and a Man of Consequence! . . .

'And now—return to this tent no more,' said the Hadji in speeding his parting guests, 'for it is dangerous to do so.'

'At times they visit me—though not often at night—and I have a fancy that the accursed El R'Orab the Crow spies upon me, and also the aged Yakoub. . . . Let them beware—and watch their food, I say. . . .

'Go in peace and with the blessing of Allah, and remain hidden with the caravan-men in the *fondouk* of the lower *sûq*. . . . Gharibeel Zarrug will bring thee word. . . . *Emshi besselema*. . . .'

CHAPTER XIX.

AUTOCRATS AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

'WELL, son Bud, what you know about *that* for a fight?' asked the Emir of his Vizier as they broke fast after the duel between the French officer and the *agent provocateur* from the East. 'What price Boje at the killing game?'

'I allow it was the best sword-fight I ever seen,' replied the Vizier. 'I never denied that Rastignac nor Boje was real men. . . .'

'And I'll tell the world that if Boje gets Miss Mary, she gets a husband to be proud of,' interrupted the Emir.

'Yep—as a he-man that can hold up his end of a dog-fight, all right, Hank. But I tell you a woman wants a man that's something more than a bad man to fight. . . . S'pose he loves fightin' better than he loves her—what then, Hank Sheikh? And s'pose his real views of women is that they're just a dead-weight on the sword-arm or gun-hand, and a dead-weight on your hoss's back?' . . .

The Vizier paused and pondered mournfully.

'Don't stop, Son,' requested the Emir. 'You remind me of Abraham Lincoln. It's almost po'try too. . . . I can lend you a bit. . . . Hark:

"White hands cling where your wool is thickest:
He rideth the fastest who rideth the quickest. . . ."

'Where you get that from, Hank Sheikh?' asked the Vizier suspiciously. 'T'ain't *Q'ran*, is it? Sounds more like Shakespeare to me.'

'No, Son, you're wrong for once. Bret Harte or Chaucer. . . . I had to say it at school. There's a lot more:

"Fallin' down to Gehennum or off of a throne,
He falleth the hardest who falleth alone."

'Well! I allow he *would*,' commented the Vizier. 'Because if he weren't alone and fell on the other guy, he'd fall softer . . .' he added.

'You're right, Bud, as usual,' admitted the Emir. 'My mistake. I oughta said:

"Climbin' down to Gehennum or up on a throne,
He goes by himself who goeth alone!"

'Yes—that's the poem—and, as I said, it's by Josh Billings or a Wop named Dante. . . . I forget. . . . They *did* tell me at school, when I had to learn it. . . .'

'Don't believe there's any such pome, nor that you ever was at school, Hank Sheikh. Put your tail down! And let a yell for some more of this porridge-hash. . . . Yes—I allow Boje is a good boy—he's straight; there ain't a yellin' streak in him; he's got

sand ; and it's pretty to watch him fight. . . . But that don't make him the man for Miss Mary Vanbrugh.'

'What *would*, Bud ? ' asked the Emir.

'Lovin' her more than anything and everything else in the world. . . . Bein' ready to lay down his life for her. . . .'

'He'd do that, Son.'

'*That's* nothing ! . . . Bein' ready, I was going to say, when you butted in, to give up his army prospects an' his chances, an' his promotion—you know—what they call his career and his—future and all. . . . *To let everything go for the woman he loves—even his country. . . .*'

'Say some more, Walt Whitman,' the Emir stimulated his flagging friend. 'I'll lend you a bit for that too. Listen at this :

"He made a solitude and called it Peace,
(Largely because there weren't no P'lice)
The world forgetting, by the world forgot
He took her to that lovely spot.
Saying I have now but you, my dove, and that's what the papers
call

The World well lost for Love."

'That's Byron, Son. But you shouldn't read him till you're older.'

The Vizier stared long and critically at his lord.

'What's biting you now, you old fool ? ' he asked.

'Miss Mary Vanbrugh,' replied the Emir. 'Ever since she came here I sit and think of all the things I learnt at school—and how I uster talk pretty an' learn lessons . . . and recite po'try . . . and play the pianner. . . .'

'And I spose you wore a plug hat and a Prince Albert and a tuxedo and lavender pants and white kid gloves and pink silk socks on your pasterns in those days ? Here—get a lump o' this tough goat and chew hard instead o' talking, Hank,' advised the Vizier. 'You got a touch of the sun or else swallowed a date-stone and it's displaced your brain. Chew hard an' listen to me and improve your mind. . . . What I say is, that Boje's got to do something more than killing Rastignac to prove he's the right husband for a way-up American girl—and I don't agree to it until he shows *and* proves that she's the Number One Proposition of all his life, and nothing else isn't worth thirty cents in the same continent. . . . Get me ? . . . And the quicker the sooner, for he's the wounded

hero and she's nursing of him—and women always falls in love with what they nurse. . . . Amateur-like, I mean. . . . It isn't the same with professional nurses o' course. . . .'

'Right again, Son. I was in a Infirmary once and at Death's Door, and if that old nurse had started lovin' me, I'd certainly have crep' through that Door to escape. . . .'

The Emir was apparently in sardonic mood and of flippant humour that morning—not an infrequent symptom, in his case, of a troubled and anxious soul. His friend was well aware of this peculiarity, and classed it, in his puzzled mind, with other of Hank's idiosyncrasies—such as his way of being dumbly taciturn for days, and then having a mordantly loquacious hour; or his habit of occasionally speaking like an Eastern dude instead of talking properly like a genuine rough-neck hobo and a he-man. However, whatever Hank chose to say or to do was right in the sight of the man whose narrow, deep stream of affection flowed undeviatingly and eternally towards him, his hero, friend, and ideal. . . .

'Well—we better try Boje out as soon as possible or sooner,' continued the Vizier. 'He only got a bit chipped in the fierce shemozzle this mornin', and he'll be able to sit up and do business to-morrow. . . . Reckon Rastignac will pull round?'

'No. Rastignac has got his, this time, and a damned good job too, the swine! . . . He's for the land where the tomb-stone bloometh beneath the weeping willow-tree, and the wild whang-doodle mourneth for its mate,' opined the Emir.

'Well—we and the world can spare him, though I rise to remark he died like he lived, makin' trouble, and seekin' sorrow with a high and joyful heart,' and the Vizier turned down an empty cup—of clay—and poured a libation of coffee-dregs. 'What'll we do with that mouth-flappin', jabbering, shave-tail breed he brought with him, if Rastignac goeth below to organise mutinies against the Devil?' he asked.

'Send him back with the soft answer that turneth away wrath—and a soft and empty money-belt,' replied the Emir.

'You allow Boje's proposition is the best?' inquired the Vizier.

'Sure thing, Son. It is. Yea, verily. And I got a special reason for lending ear unto the words of Boje too. We'll go in solid with him.'

'You're right, Hank Sheikh. We don't wanta hitch up with a gang of niggers, Turks, Touareg, Senussi and anti-white-man trash. . . . We ain't French and we ain't got no great cause to love 'em either—but we got our feelings as White Men. . . . Yep—and we

got some sacks that'd just take a million francs too. . . . And if ever we got caught out by the Legion hogs, and it was a firing-party at dawn for ours, the French Big Noise would say, "Forget it—they're good useful boys, and we want 'em whole and hearty in the Great Oasis?" Wouldn't they?'

'You said it all, Son,' agreed the Emir, and clapped his hands, that *narghilehs* might be brought by the slave waiting at a respectful distance.

'Who *was* this poor creature whom Major de Beaujolais found it expedient to kill?' asked Mary Vanbrugh during the evening ride with the Emir el Hamel el Kebir. 'He was a Frenchman too, so why was he treated as an enemy?'

'He wasn't treated as an enemy by *us*, though he soon would have been,' replied the Emir. 'We received him politely and we listened to all he had to say. . . . Listened too long for our comfort. . . .'

'And it was interesting?' asked the girl.

'Some of it certainly was,' replied the Emir. 'He got to know that there was a French officer here, openly wearing his uniform, and accompanied by two white women. . . . He told us exactly what I ought to do with the three of them, and offered me quite a lot of money to do it.'

'What was it?' asked the girl.

'I won't put it in plain words,' was the reply. 'But you just think of the plumb horriblest thing that could happen to you, and then you double it—and you'll hardly be at the beginning of it, Miss Mary Vanbrugh.'

'Oh!' said the girl. . . . 'And was that why Major de Beaujolais fought him?'

'Partly, I guess—along with other reasons. It certainly didn't help the man's chances any, that the Major knew what was proposed for *you*. . . .'

'How did he get to know?' asked the girl.

'That's what I got to find out,' was the reply, 'if I have to pretend he won't get his Treaty unless he tells me. . . . He'd do *anything* to get that safely signed, sealed, and delivered.'

'Not *anything*,' said the girl, staring ahead unseeingly.

'Well—that we may discover, perhaps, all in good time,' was the doubting reply. . . . 'Life is very dear—and a life's ambition is sometimes even dearer. . . .'

The Emir was speaking English, with the words, accent, and

intonation of a person of culture and refinement ; and his companion eyed him thoughtfully, her face wistful and sad.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SITT LEILA NAKHLA, SULEIMAN THE STRONG, AND CERTAIN OTHERS.

AT dead of night, the Sheikh el Habibka el Wazir awoke with the feeling that there was something wrong. For as long as he could remember, this invaluable gift had been his, perhaps because, for as long as he could remember, he had lived, off and on, in danger, and under such conditions that light sleeping and quick waking had been essential to continued existence. Also the fact that, in the months before his birth, his mother had slept alone in a log cabin, with a gun leaning against her bed, and an ear sub-consciously attuned to the sound of the approach of stealthy terrors—Indians, wolves, mountain ‘ lions,’ Bad Men, and, worst of all bad men, her husband—may have had something to do with his possession of this animal instinct or sixth sense.

Some one had passed the tent with stealthy steps. . . . The sentry had done that a hundred times, but this was different. The Vizier passed straight from deep dreams to the door of his tent, his ‘ gun ’ at the level of the stomach of anyone who might be seeking sorrow.

‘ *Min da ?* ’ he growled, as he peered out.

Nobody. . . . He crept toward the Emir’s pavilion. . . . Nothing. . . . Yes—a shadow beside the Guest-tent sentry, a young recruit, one Gharibeel Zarrug. There should be no shadow on a moonless night. . . .

The shadow stooped and went into the tent by the entrance to the men’s part of it. Had it been the other entrance, the Vizier would have fired ; for persons wearing black clothing, for the sake of invisibility, do not enter *anderuns* at midnight for any good purpose.

The Vizier circled the Guest-tent in the darker darkness of the palm-clumps, approached and lay down behind it. Ah ! . . . The good and pious Hadji Abdul Salam ! . . . *What* was that ? . . . *Murder*, eh ? . . . The low-down, treacherous swine ! . . . And Suleiman the Strong was back again, was he ? . . . And who might *he* be ? . . . Good old Boje ! . . . Spoken like a man. . . .

Wouldn't leave the girls, wouldn't he? . . . He would—to save his life, and get the Treaty, though. . . . Wouldn't stand for assassination of the Emir nor the Wazir, eh? . . . Yep. Boje was certainly a White Man! . . .

The Vizier crept round to the front of the tent and the knees of Gharibeel Zarrug smote together, as a figure rose beside him, and the voice of the Sheikh el Habibka el Wazir gave him sarcastic greeting. . . . A few minutes later, the Vizier also gave the Hadji Abdul Salam sarcastic greeting, and said he would see him safely home to his tent: he would take no refusal of the offer of his company, in fact. . . .

As the Emir el Kebir emerged from his pavilion before dawn the next morning, and strode to where El R'Orab the Crow led his master's great stallion up and down, he was joined by the Vizier. When the two were clear of the headquarter tents of the 'capital' of the Oasis, the Vizier told the Emir of the events of the night.

'The worst of these holy *marabouts* and *hadjis* and *imams* and things is that they *stay* holy in the sight of these ignorant hick Injuns, no matter what they do; and you can't get away from it,' observed the Emir. 'There'd be a riot and a rebellion if I took good old Abdul and hanged him on a tree. . . . I'd be real sorry to do it, too. . . . I'd like the cute old cuss . . . always merry an' bright.'

'He's gettin' a whole heap too bright, Hank,' opined the Vizier. 'But as you say—there's no lynchin' Holy Sin-Busters in this State. . . . They can cut their mothers' throats or even steal hosses, and they're still Holy Men an' acceptable in the sight of Allah. . . .'

'We better have a talk with old Dawad Fetata,' said the Emir. 'He knows the etiquette of handling Holy Joes when they get too rorty. . . . *Bismillah!* We mustn't make any false moves on the religion dope, Son. . . . There'd be an 'Ell-of-an-Allahbaloo. . . .'

'Sure,' agreed the Vizier. 'But Old Daddy Pertater won't stand for havin' Abdul plottin' the death of the Emir. . . . He'll know how to hand it to him. . . . We'll have a lil' *mejless*, with Abdul absent, by request. . . . What are we going to do about this Suleiman guy that's got it in for you? Who is he?'

'Don't you remember the gink I told you about—that left our outfit before you came—and joined the Emir Mohammed Bisharin bin Mustapha Korayim, that we shot up—at Bab-el-Haggar?'

He was this Suleiman the Strong, and he sent that thug to get me—the one you shot. . . . Let him come when he feels like it. I allow he'll get his, good an' plenty, this time,' replied the Emir.

'Why not get a posse an' have a man-hunt?' suggested the Vizier. 'Man-hunts is good sport, and prowlin' thugs lookin' for your liver with a long knife is bad sport. . . . Catch him alive, and skin him at poker, Son.'

'I allow it was all lies of Abdul's,' replied the Emir. . . . 'Suleiman's dead long ago, an' if he was alive he wouldn't come snoopin' round here. . . . He's on'y too willin' to keep away—with both feet. . . . Forget it. . . . What you do with poor old Abdul?'

'Frightened him white. . . . 'Lhamdoulah! . . . I certainly did put the fear of God in Abdul. . . . Did a magic on him. . . . Produced things from him that he hadn't got. . . . Told him to watch his eyes and teeth as they'd soon fall outa him; watch his arms an' legs as they'd soon wither; watch his food becos it'd soon turn to sand in him; watch his secret *laghbi* becos it'd boil in his belly; watch his women becos each one had a dancin' partner—secret, like his fermented palm-juice;—an' watch all through the night becos Death an' the Devil was coming for him. . . . He's *watchin'* all right! . . . He surely is a sick man this mornin'. . . . I reckon he'll die. . . .'

'Poor old Abdul—I must go and hold his hand and cheer him up some,' said the Emir. 'Promise him a real rousin' funeral and start buildin' him a nice tomb. . . . Place of pilgrimage for thousands. . . . Say, Son,' he added, 'I'm glad the Major played a clean game. I told you he was a hundred per cent. white.'

'He was straight enough,' admitted the Vizier. 'But I don't like him any. . . . Too all-fired pompshus. . . . Thinks he could play his Ace on the Last Trump. . . . Too golly-a-mighty own-the-earth. . . . Think's he's God's Own Bandmaster, Lord Luvvus, Count Again, an' the Baron Fig-tree. . . . And he's one o' the hard-faced an' soft-handed sort—that women fall for. . . .'

'You're hard-faced, hard-handed, hard-hearted, an' hard-headed, Son Bud. . . . Yep. . . . Head solid bone. . . .'

'We'll settle his hash one night, Hank Sheikh,' replied the Vizier, ignoring his Lord's rudeness. 'Then we'll see. . . . *Abka ala Kheir.*'

They saw.

Never had the Emir and his Vizier cowered and fled before armed men as they cowered and fled from the wrath of the angry woman who burst into their presence, that night, at the loud choking cry of the man whom they had foully murdered. She was a raging Death-angel, her tongue a flaming sword.

'My God—you killed him! . . . You murdered him! . . . Poisoned him like a sewer-rat. . . . What the Hell *happened*, you ham-handed buffalo?' panted the Emir as the two fled from the Guest-tent and went to earth in the pavilion of the latter chieftain. . . .

'Search me!' replied the Vizier, obviously badly shaken.

The Emir seized his friend's arm and glared into his face.

'You didn't double-cross me and *poison* that fine man a-purpose? . . . Not *poison* him? You wouldn't be such a damned yellow dog?' he asked sternly.

'Don't be a fool,' replied the Vizier. 'I gave him camel's milk. Part of what we had at supper. . . . *He's* double-crossed *us*. . . . Yelped so as Miss Vanbrugh sh'd hear him, an' then threw a fake fit. . . .'

'Don't be a mean hound. . . . He saw that dog die—an' he drank what he thought killed the dog. . . . *And* he choked like the dog did, and then collapsed—he went white an' cold an' limp. . . . *He's dead*, I tell you. . . . *God! How'll I face Mary?* . . . Bud—if I thought you . . .'

'You make me tired, Hank. If he's dead—the milk killed him. 'Nuff to kill anybody too. . . . I nearly died myself, first time I drunk milk! . . . Hank, Son, you hurt my feelin's. . . . You seen me kill a few men. . . . Ever know me *poison* 'em behind their backs? . . . You gotta beastial mind, Hank Sheikh. . . .'

They sat silent for a moment.

'Say, Hank,' said the Vizier suddenly. 'Think she'd turn crool an' tell Bojolly on his death-bed that we're a pair of four-flushers? . . . Or tell him to-morrow if he lives?'

'No, Son, she'd die sooner. She allows the Major would blow his brains out, in rage an' disgust an' fear o' ridicule, if it came out that the Mahdee whom he'd circumvented with his superior Secret Service Diplomacy had circumvented *him*, the Pride o' the whole French Intelligence Bureau, an' signed a treaty for a million jimmy-o'-goblins. . . . Folks saying he didn't know a Mahdee from an American high-jacker! Gee! . . .'

The Emir rose. 'I'm going back,' he said. 'If he's dead that girl will go mad. . . . She ain't screamin' any. . . . She's got a gun too. . . . Hope she shoots me first. . . . I take the blame, Boy—for allowin' such monkeying. . . . I hadn't oughter stood for it. . . . Shake, Son—you didn't mean any harm. . . .'

'I sure didn't, Hank pard. . . . I only meant it for her good. . . . No, I didn't! May I burn in Hell for a liar! I *was* jealous of a better man. He *is* a better man. . . . *Was*, I mean. . . . I'll put my gun in his dead hand and shoot myself. . . . That oughta satisfy him,' he added, as the Emir crept out of the tent. . . .

The Emir returned beaming. '*They're cuddling!*' he cried. '*Cuddling*—fit to bust! . . . I didn't mean to intrude, and they didn't see me. . . . *He was kissin' her face flat.* . . . You cert'nly brought it off, Buddy Bashaw . . . and serve you damned well right! . . . They got *you* to thank. . . . Boje oughta ask you to be Best Man, B'Jimminy Gees! . . . Allahluyer! . . .'

'But what *happened*, if he didn't throw that fit on purpose?' asked the bewildered Vizier.

'Why—I'll tell you, Son. He was so blamed sure that he *was* drinking poison that *he felt all the effects of it.* He felt just like he saw that dog feel. . . . I knew an Injun once, an Arapaho or a Shoshone, I think he was, back on the Wind River Reservation at Fort Washakie—no, it wasn't, you goat—it was in the Canyon, and the man was a Navajo breed—and the boys played a trick on him one dark night—stuck a fork in his heel and yelled '*Rattler*'—an' he up an' died o' snake-bite, *pronto.*'

'*Can it!*' said the Vizier. 'Cut out the funny-stuff.'

'Fact, Son! . . . Yep—like old Doc' Winter, back in Colorado in the old days. He sent out two letters, when he couldn't go himself—one tellin' a sick man he'd better make his will, and the other tellin' a Dude from the East he was healthier than a mule. . . . Put 'em in the wrong *envellups!* . . . The Dude made his will and died, and the sick man got up and ate a steak. . . . Never felt another pang or sorrow! . . .'

'Sure,' agreed the Vizier. 'Same sorta thing happened in Idaho. . . . Only it was a young bride was sick, and a lone ol' bachelor cattle-rustler that *thought* he was. . . . Same mistake like yours, Hank. . . .'

'What happened?' inquired the Emir.

'Old bachelor had the babby, o' course,' was the reply. 'Only case on record I believe. . . .'

'Prob'ly,' agreed the Emir. . . . 'And that's what happened to the Major.'

'What! Had a . . . ?' began the Vizier.

'No,' interrupted the Emir. 'You got a *very* coarse mind, Bud. . . . He thought the milk was poison, and he thought it so hard that for a while it *was* poison, and it acted according! . . .'

'It's a fierce world, Hank. . . . Let's pound our ears, right here. It'll be daylight in an hour. . . . God help us in the mawnin', when Miss Vanbrugh gets us! . . . I'm glad you're the Emir and not me, Hank Sheikh. . . .'

The troubled statesmen slept. Meanwhile, two men of simple passions and simple methods of expressing them, prepared for strenuous action.

Wearing the minimum of clothing and the maximum of razor-edged knife, Suleiman the Strong and Abdullah el Jemmal crept from darkness to darkness until they could see the pavilion of the Emir, wherein burned a single candle in the wind-proof *shamadan* holder, that hung from a tent-pole. Not far from the big tent, a sentry, one Gharibeel Zarrug, leaned heavily upon his rifle, his crossed arms upon its muzzle and his head upon his arms. . . . Rightly considering that the place of the strategist is a place of safety where he may strategise in peace, Suleiman the Strong bade Abdullah the Camel-man reconnoitre the tent and report. Like a dark snake in the darkness, Abdullah crept to a blacker spot beside the Guest-tent, whence he could see a portion of the interior of the lighted pavilion.

No one moved therein, and, after a period of patient observation, he crawled, writhed, and wriggled until he reached the aperture where a hanging curtain of heavy felt did not quite close the entrance to the tent. Perfect stillness reigned within, and a silence broken only by the sound of breathing. How many breathed? It was unfortunate, but intentional on the part of the occupants, that the light hung just where anyone entering would see nothing but the light—the back of the tent being in darkness, and the front well-lit. Abdullah accepted the situation and moved slowly, silently, almost imperceptibly, across the lighted carpet. Once the light was behind him, he saw that the Emir el Kebir and the Wazir el Habibka lay on their rugs, sleeping the deep sleep of the innocent and just; the Vizier the nearer to him.

What about two quick stabs? No. These were not ordinary mortals. The Vizier would, perhaps, make some sound as he died, and the Emir's great arm would shoot out and seize the slayer. . . . Abdullah had seen both these men in swift action. . . . No, he must stick to the programme and obey the orders of his leader to the letter.

He writhed backward as silently as he had come, and wriggled crawling from the tent. . . .

'He did that very neat and slick,' observed the Emir, as Abdullah departed.

'Not bad,' agreed the Vizier. 'He's a bit slow though. . . . You ain't too near the side o' the tent, Hank, are you?'

'Plenty o' room, Son; but he won't bother to come under while he can come through the front door. . . . See his silly face?'

'Nope. I allow it's that Suleiman guy what the Hadji was talkin' to Boje about.'

'Guess again, Son. . . . Suleiman the Strong's a real big stiff. Twice the size o' that galoot,' and the Emir yawned hugely.

'What you reckon he's gone for, Hank?'

'Why, his bag o' tools or his plumber's-mate, I s'pose.'

'Wish he'd hurry up then, I'm real sleepy. . . . S'pose we'd better hang Mister Gharibeel Zarrug bright an' early to-morrow.'

'We'll hand him over to Marbruk ben Hassan and the body-guard. They can use him for a li'll court-martial *mejless*. Keep 'em happy all day.'

'Pore Mister Gharibeel will be Mister Skinned-eel, time they done with him. They'll treat him rough.'

'Learn him not to double-cross—but it's poor old Hadji Abdul Salam that oughta hang.'

'Sure, Son. He's a bad ole possum. . . . G'night, boy.'

'They are both there, Sidi,' whispered Abdullah the Camel-man to Suleiman the Strong. 'Sleeping on their rugs like drunken *kif*-smokers, but the Emir lies beyond the Vizier and cannot be reached. El Habibka must die first. . . .' And he proceeded to explain exactly the position of affairs and of the victims.

'Now listen—and live,' growled Suleiman, when all was clear. 'Go you back into that tent and crouch where you can strike home—when the moment comes.'

'When will that be?' asked Abdullah, whose knife was brighter and keener than his brain.

'Listen, you dog,' was the reply. 'Crouch ready to strike El Habibka at the moment I strike El Hamel. Watch the tent-wall beyond him. I shall enter there. . . . And our knives will fall at the same moment. . . . As your knife goes through El Habibka's heart, clap your left hand upon his mouth. . . . They must die together and die silently. . . . Then we flee back to the *fondouk*—and to-morrow I will appear to my friends and proclaim myself Sheikh Regent of the Tribe. . . .'

'And I shall be a camel-man no more,' said Abdullah.

'No—you will not be a camel-man after to-morrow,' agreed Suleiman, and carefully repeated his instructions.

'Now,' he concluded, 'Dawn's left hand will be in the sky in half an hour. . . . Remember what will happen if you bungle. . . .'

Kneeling beside the sleeping Vizier, Abdullah el Jemmal poised his long lean knife above his head, and stared hard at the tent wall beyond the recumbent form of the Emir. . . . In his sleep, the Emir rolled his heavy head round and lay snoring, his face toward the very spot at which Abdullah stared. A bright blade silently penetrated the wall of the tent. Slowly it travelled downward and the head of Suleiman the Strong was thrust through the aperture, as the knife completed the long cut and reached the ground.

Gently Suleiman edged his body forward until his arms and shoulders had followed his head. As he raised himself on his elbows, Abdullah lifted his knife a little higher, drew a deep breath, and, ere it was completed, the silence was horribly rent by the dreadful, piercing scream of a woman in mortal anguish. . . . A rifle banged. . . . Abdullah, unnerved, struck with all his strength, and his wrist came with a sharp smack into the hand of the waiting Vizier, whose other hand seized the throat of Abdullah with a grip of steel.

Suleiman, with oaths and struggles, backed from the tent, and the Emir, bounding across the struggling bodies of the Vizier and Abdullah, rushed from the tent, with a low exhortation of 'Attaboy, Bud! Bust him up!' and dashed round the tent—in time to see Suleiman the Strong drive his knife into the breast of a woman (who grappled with him fiercely), just as El R'Orab sprang upon the slayer from behind. Another woman stood and shrieked insanely, sentries came running, and the French officer burst from his tent, sword in hand. . . . The murderer was secured after a terrific struggle and bound with camel-cords.

As soon as the Emir had shaken the shrieking woman into

coherence, it was learnt that it had become the custom of the Sitt Leila, who slept badly, to rise and walk in the hour before dawn—‘when she had the world to herself,’ as the old woman pathetically sobbed, ‘and unseen could pass the tent of the Emir and pray for blessings on his sleeping head. . . .’ On this occasion, as they went by the road that ran behind the Emir’s pavilion, they had seen a man lying prone, with his head beneath the tent-wall and inside the tent. Realising that this could mean but one thing, the girl had uttered a terrible scream and thrown herself upon the man. . . . She had seized his foot and held on, with the strength and courage of love. The man, moaned the old Bint Fatma, had kicked and struggled, knocking the girl down, had wriggled out backwards, risen, and turned to flee, as the girl again sprang at him and clung like Death. . . .

As gently as any mother nursing her sick child, the big Emir held the dying girl to his breast, her arms about his neck, her eyes turned to his as turn those of a devoted spaniel to its master—and if ever a woman died happily, it was the little Arab girl. . . .

Yussuf Latif Fetata arrived, at the double, with the guard, and, even in such a moment, the man who had made them what they were noted with approval that it was a disciplined guard under an officer, and not a mob of Soudanese following an excited Arab. . . .

‘Keep that man here and hurt not a hair of his head,’ ordered the Emir; ‘I return,’ and he strode away, with the dead girl in his arms, to the tents of Dawad Fetata.

As he came back, the Vizier emerged from the pavilion.

‘Sorry, Son,’ he whispered, ‘I croaked him. . . .’

‘Good,’ growled the Emir. ‘You’ll see me croak the other. . . .’ and it was plain to the Vizier that his friend was in that terrible cold rage when he was truly dangerous. He himself had enjoyed that for which he had recently expressed a wish—an intimate and heart-to-heart discussion in a righteous cause and with a worthy foe. Abdullah had really put up quite a good show, the Vizier considered, and it had taken several minutes and several good twists and turns and useful tricks, before he had had his visitor where he wanted him—clasped immovably to his bosom with his hawser-like right arm, while his equally powerful left forced the assassin’s knife-hand back and over—until the hand was far behind the sharply crooked elbow, in a position that Nature had never intended it to

occupy. . . . Abdullah had screamed like a wounded horse as the arm and joint snapped, the knife fell from his hand, and the Vizier seized his neck in a double grip. . . . Minutes passed.

'That'll learn you, Mr. Thug!' the Vizier had grunted, and released the murderer's throat. But alas, it was the final lesson of his unlearning mis-spent life.

'Let the guard charge magazines and form single rank,' said the Emir to Yussuf Latif Fetata—who, beyond a greenish pallor of countenance, showed nothing of what he felt. None would have supposed that this stoic had just beheld, borne in the arms of another man, the dripping corpse of the girl for whom his soul and body hungered. 'If the prisoner tries to escape, give him fifty yards and a volley. . . .'

The Emir then bade El R'Orab and the sentries who had seized Suleiman the Strong to unbind him and to chafe his limbs.

'Do you thirst, dog?' he asked.

'For your blood, swine,' was the answer.

The Emir made no reply, but waited awhile, that the prisoner's strength and the daylight might increase.

'Give him his knife,' he said anon, and gripped his own.

The Vizier drew his revolver and stood near Suleiman the Strong.

'Now, dog,' said the Emir, 'see if you can use your knife upon a man. . . . Not upon a girl nor a sleeper, this time, Suleiman the Jackal, the Pariah Cur, the Detested of God. . . .'

The two men stood face to face, the giant Emir and the man whose strength was a proverb of his tribe; and the staring, breathless onlookers saw a fight of which they told each move and stroke and feint and feature to their dying day.

'Yea,' said El R'Orab the Crow, later, to Marbruk ben Hassan, who, to his abiding grief, had been absent on patrol, 'it was the fight of two blood-mad desert lions—and they whirled and sprang and struck as lions do. . . . Time after time the point was at the eye and throat and heart of each, and caught even as it reached the skin. Time after time the left hand of each held the right hand of the other and they were still—still as graven images of men, iron muscle holding back iron muscle, and all their mighty strength enabled neither to move his knife an inch. . . . Then Suleiman weakened a little and our Lord's right hand pressed Suleiman's left hand down, little by little, as his left hand held Suleiman's right hand far out from his body. Slowly, slowly, our Lord's knife came

downward toward that dog's throat, inch by inch—and Suleiman sweated like a horse and his eyes started forth.

'Slowly, slowly his left hand grew feeble, and the Emir's hand, which Suleiman held, came nearer, nearer to Suleiman's throat. . . . There was not a sound in all the desert as that blade crept nearer and nearer, closer and closer—till Suleiman uttered a shriek, a scream—even as the poor Sitt Leila Nakhla had done—for the Emir's point had pricked him, pricked him, right in the centre of his foul throat. . . . And then we heard the voice of our Lord saying: '*Leila! Leila! Leila!*' and with each word he *thrust*, and *thrust*, and *thrust*, till Suleiman gave way, and we saw the knife-point appear at the base of that murderer's skull. . . . Right through! . . . *Wallahi!* Our Emir is a *man!* . . .'

And from this Sixteenth-Century atmosphere of primitive expression of primitive passion, which from time to time still dominated the Oasis, the Emir slowly returned to the Twentieth Century and received the concise approving comments of his Vizier. . . .

And it was an entirely Twentieth-Century young woman whom they found awaiting them in the Emir's pavilion, when they re-entered it an hour later, after visiting the tents of Dawad Fetata, and then seeing the bodies of Suleiman the Strong and Abdullah the Camel-man dragged away by a washerman's donkey, followed by an angry crowd that cursed the evil carrion and spat upon it. . . .

Miss Mary Vanbrugh requested the privilege, if not the pleasure, of a private interview with the Emir el Hamel el Kebir; and the Vizier departed very precipitately to his own tents. . . .

The Emir's subsequent account of the interview confirmed the Vizier's preconceived opinion that it was well worth missing.

'I told you I took the blame for that foolishness, Son,' the Emir said, 'and I cert'nly got it. . . . I thought I knew the worst about my evil nature, and I thought I'd said it too. . . . I was wrong, Son. . . . I hadn't begun to know myself till Mary put me wise to the facts. . . .'

'Yup! I always said you was a bad ole Sheikh!' agreed the Vizier, stroking his beard.

'And as for you, Son . . . *Gee!* I wouldn't repeat it, boy! . . . That lady surely has got an eye for character! . . . When she had done saying what she thought of me—an' it left Bluebeard, Jezebel, Seizer Borjer, Clearpartner, and Judas Iscariot blameless and smilin' by comparison—when she'd done, she said, "*An' I no*

doubt you was a fairly decent man till you fell under the influence o' that horrible li'll microbe that's led you astray an' ruined you, body an' soul,' she said. . . .

'Gee! And all becos ole Bojolly got too much imagination, and the Lord have blessed us with the gift of good poker faces!' observed the Vizier. . . . 'Did you tell her it was only our fun, an' we was tryin' him out for her?' he asked.

'Sure, Son. And she said she wished *he'd* tried *us* out—with a gun. . . . And who were we to presume to dare to think her Major D. Bojollay wasn't the world's noblest and bravest hero? . . . If Boje don't have a devoted adoring wife to his dying day, he'll deserve hanging. . . .

'I said he surely was a real noble hero and a great gentleman. And I praised him fit to bust, and said he also left Napoleon Buona-parté, Abraham Lincoln, Horatio Nelson, Alfred the Great an' John L. Sullivan all nowhere. Got 'em beat to a frazzle. . . . She said I was quite right, and when I'd said some more she began to get friendly. . . .

'Time I'd done belaudin' Boje she said I was not *really* a bad man—only misguided—but *you* was the father of all pole-cats and son of a bald he-goat. . . .

'Them very words, Hank?' inquired the Vizier, much interested.

'No, Son. I wish to be strictly truthful. . . . Not those very words, but words to that defect, as they say in the p'lice-court. . . . She and the Major are going to get married soon as they get away from us savages, and back to civilization—and, they're going to start right off, Son, this very day. . . .

'Maudie too?'

'No. Maudie told Miss Mary wild camels won't drag her away and Miss Mary agrees. . . . She's coming to our second wedding. In Zaguig it's to be. . . . There'll be a White Fathers' Mission there before long. . . .

'Ain't they Roman Cathlicks, Son?'

'Yup. Maudie and me's going to be, too—then.'

'Wot are you now?'

'Mussulman and Mussulwoman, o' course.'

'Then when we retire from business and go back Home you'll jest be a chapel-goin' Bible Christian agin, I s'pose?'

'Sure. . . . We're going to get married a third time then. . . .

'Well, Hank Sheikh, I rise to remark that you sure oughta find your way into Heaven, *one* trail or the other.'

'That's so, Bud.'

'Also you an' Maudie'll take a lot o' divorcin' by the time you finished gettin' married.'

'That's so, Son. And that's a pleasin' thought. She's the first an' only girl I ever kissed, and she'll be the last. . . .'

'Wot a dull life you had, Hank Sheikh!'

'Won't be dull any more, Son. . . . Maudie's a live wire and a ray o' sunshine. . . .'

'She is . . . and I don't see why you couldn't ha' kept your heavy hoof outa *my* affair with her, Hank Sheikh. . . .'

'But your poor heart was broke right then, Son. . . . I just thought I'd stake out a claim 'fore it mended. . . .'

'Ah, well! 'Spouse I'll die an ole bachelor. . . .'

'Sure, Bud. . . . Girls are discernin' critturs. . . . But you might not, o' course. You might get hanged young like. . . .'

CHAPTER XXI.

ET VALE.

THE imposing caravan and escort of Major Henri de Beaujolais and Miss Mary Vanbrugh had departed, and a gentle sadness was settling upon the soul of the Sheikh el Habibka el Wazir, who was about to be left alone, alone in a populous place, while the Emir departed on his honeymoon. That forethoughtful man had caused a beautiful camp to be pitched in a beautiful place, far off in the desert, and thither he and his bride would ride alone after a ceremony and a great wedding-feast. . . . Ride 'into the sunset' . . . into Paradise . . . Maudie and her Sheikh! . . . Dreams come true! . . .

The Emir and the Wazir sat alone for the last hour of the former's bachelor life, and a not too poignant melancholy informed the Vizier's voice as he said:

'Women always come between men an' their friends, Hank, Pard. I reckon I better hike before Maudie does it. . . .'

'Son Buddy,' replied the Emir, 'you're an ol' fool. You always was. If I didn't know Maudie'd love you pretty nigh as much as she does me—I'd never have asked her to marry me. . . . Son, I wouldn't do it *now* if I thought it would make any difference to *us*. . . . We're like Saul an' David . . . very beautiful in our

lives and in our marriages not divided. . . . Why, Maudie herself said it was almost like marryin' *two* Sheikhs—what she's been set on all her life. . . .

'Wot—marryin' two Sheikhs?'

'I'll give you a fat ear in "two shakes" if you talk blasphemous, Buddy Bashaw. . . . Son,' continued the Emir, 'I got something to tell you. Something about Miss Vanbrugh that I promised her most solemn I wouldn't tell *anybody*. . . .'

'Wot you wanta tell me for then, Hank?'

'Becos you *ain't* anybody, see? An' I ain't got any secrets from you, Bud—so cheer up, you droolin' crape-hanger. . . . You know I said I'd give my hand, for you an' her to marry, *if* you loved each other?'

'Yup. And why was that, Hank?'

'*Becos she's my li'll sister, Mary!*'

The Vizier sat bolt upright on his rug and stared open-mouthed at his friend.

'What you handin' me?' he asked feebly.

'Facts. *She's my li'll sister, Mary.*'

'What a norrible liar you are, Hank Sheikh! . . . When did you reckernize her?' whispered the Vizier, and collapsed heavily.

'The moment the Major said, "*Meet the Sitt Miriyam Hankinson el Vanbrugh.*"'

'Then that's your name, Hank!'

'Sure. My monicker's Noel Hankinson Vanbrugh!'

'Sunday socks o' Sufferin' Samuel! That's the first interestin' thing I ever come across in a dull an' quiet life. I surely thought you was born-in-the-bone an' bred-in-the-butter plain "Hank"!'

'I'd forgot it till Boje mentioned it, Bud. 'Taint my fault!'

'Won't she *tell* him?'

'No, you old fool. Don't I keep on tellin' you she'd do any mortal thing rather than let Major D. Bojollay know that he's been the victim of a really high-class leg-pull and bluff? He'd die of misery an' shame, thinkin' the whole world was laughin' at him. . . . He takes himself mighty serious. . . . *He's goin' to have me an' you come to Paris to meet the President of the French Republic* if we keep the Treaty nicely. . . .'

'Why, cert'nly. . . . Very proper. . . . We'll paint li'll ol' Paris red. . . . Paris girls like coloured gents I'm told. . . . We'll surely give the public a treat. . . . How did she reckernize you, Son?'

'She says she took one look at my big nose—got a li'll scar on it, as pr'aps you may ha' noticed—an' my grey eyes an' thick black eyebrows, an' then looked for my busted finger. . . . I got the top shot off'n that, when Pop an' me an' the boys were chasin' hoss-rustlers off the range. She was a bright li'll looker then, and she thought she c'd stick the bit on! . . . She knew me most as quick as I did her. . . .'

'Why you didn't tell me, Hank?'

'Because she made me swear not to tell a soul. She never told Maudie either. She was scared stiff some one might make a slip an' old Boje come to know. . . . She wants Boje to be the Big Noise of the French African Empire some day . . . with her helping. . . . Neither is she plumb anxious for it to come out that we're the two Americans that quitted the Legion unobtrusive-like, down Zinderneuf way. . . . They'd get us, Son. . . . And they'd put us against a wall at dawn too, and take over the Great Oasis as a going concern. . . . All sorts of boot-leggers, thugs, rollers, high-jackers, gunmen, ward-heelers, pluguglies and four-flusher five-ace fakers would come into this li'll Garden of Eden then. . . .'

'Well, Son—I better go get Eve an' mooch to the *Beit Ullah*. Come on Serpent. . . . You've never been a *good* man, Bud, but you're going to be a Best Man, for once—unless you wanta be a bridesmaid in those gay petticoats.'

'An' what about *me* marryin', Adam Hank? . . . I reckon I *will* marry those four Arab Janes after all and turn respectable. . . . Come on!'

'*Four Arab Janes!*' said the Emir. 'What *you* oughta do, Buddy Bashaw, is to quit Sheikhing and go to the South Seas! . . .'

'Whaffor, Hank Sheikh?'

' . . . An' be King o' the Cannubial Islands. . . .'

THE END.

NOTE.—This story is now published in its complete form by Mr. Murray under the title of *Beau Sabreur*.

THE KEY.

A stranger came out of the West,
And there swung at his belt a key.
'It will open *some* door in the world,' he said;
'It must,' said he.

'A mort of days have I travell'd,
And even my soul is sore.
But nobody'd mould a key, surely,
That hadn't a door ?

'Mayhap it's a door of gold,
With a king's palace beyond,
And water-lilies and white birds
On a beautiful pond ;

'Or haply, the door to a wood,
To some wild, lovely place
Where you'd hear Pan piping at dawn—who knows ?
Even glimpse his face.

'Who knows ?—Oh, I've journey'd far ;
I've known strange isles of the sea—
But nobody'd build a lock, surely,
That hadn't a key ?

'Ah, times I have wished it would fit
In a little house among hills,
With the rooks flying above, and a plough,
And daffodils.'

The stranger shouldered his pack,
And the key glittered and shone.
'There must be a door for it somewhere,' he said,
As he wandered on.

HAMISH MACLAREN.

AN IMPERIAL SCHOOL.

I.

IN the days of my youth a girl's education was hardly considered to be complete unless she had had a year or two of schooling in Germany. Perhaps this was more especially the case with Scotch girls, whose parents placed an extraordinary value on German learning. It may be that our fathers had visions of our returning stuffed with German logic and philosophy, and our mothers had dreams of daughters drilled into 'complete housewives.' But, alas! for their hopes. Most of us strenuously avoided the acquirement of German 'Kultur' in any form, being quite satisfied if we attained to speaking the language with a more or less German accent and, if we were musical, a certain skill in playing the piano.

My home was in a northern university town, whence it had been the fashion to deport all the girls of fourteen and upwards to the recognised educational centres in Germany, such as Dresden, Munich, or Hanover. After spending some time in the last-named place, where I heard and spoke far too much English, I proceeded to Berlin, hitherto unvisited by any of my friends or relations. And the school to which I went was by no means the ordinary 'Institution for the Education of young ladies,' but a Royal foundation, designed to give a sound and useful education to the orphan daughters and the other descendants of officers who had fallen in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. These girls were mostly chosen from strictly aristocratic families and were educated, I believe, almost entirely free, a hideous uniform of royal blue being also provided. In addition to these German girls a certain number of foreigners were admitted, who paid full fees, but had likewise to wear the uniform. At the time I reached the school there was only one small English child of ten, but numbers of Roumanians, Servians, and Russians, and, later on, two little Japanese girls, related, in some way, to the Royal family of Japan.

I left London on a sufficiently cold night in January and began my long journey to Berlin. It was nine o'clock on the following evening when I alighted at the Friedrichs-strasse station in that city, and though I had seen snow lying almost throughout my journey,

the trains had been so warm that I was hardly prepared for the icy blast that greeted me on my arrival. Berlin, as most people know, is built on a sandy plain, exposed to every wind that blows, and intensely, though not disagreeably, cold in winter. A tall woman, dressed in a somewhat conventual robe of grey, advanced to meet me. Her greeting was kind, but I was a little repelled by the curious faces she made, both when she talked and when she didn't. Her whole body also now and again became contorted, as though she were writhing in mortal agony, quite painful to witness. Later I learned this was only a harmless eccentricity acquired from the nervous strain put upon her as head of a school, 'strictly under Royalty.' Hers was by no means an easy position: she could hardly move a chair or reprove a pupil without first obtaining permission from her august employers.

Meanwhile, she and I had entered a waiting 'droschky,' drawn by surely the sorriest nag in existence, which rumbled us slowly along the famous Unter den Linden, out through the Brandenburger Thor, whence the road seemed to run through a dense fir-wood which, I afterwards learnt, was the Thier-Garten—the Hyde Park of Berlin. The roads were heavy with newly fallen snow and, even in Berlin proper, the silence was surprising. It was difficult to believe that we had been passing through the principal streets of the capital of a great empire at that comparatively early hour of nine o'clock, for everybody seemed to have gone to bed. At the time of which I write Berlin might have been any ordinary provincial town in England, though for twenty years before the war, the extravagance of its night life rivalled that of even Paris itself, and the whole place underwent an amazing change.

Meanwhile, through the darkness and silence my companion had been talking cheerfully. She told me that she was always addressed by both pupils and staff as 'Frau Oberin' (Mrs. Headmistress), though she was entirely guiltless of a husband. She described the school, the teachers and the pupils to me, finally making mention of the Empress (Augusta), stating that she took a gracious and active interest in everything concerning the welfare of the school she had helped to found.

The drive seemed to me interminable, and I was almost asleep when our car rumbled over a wooden bridge and I was told that we were then crossing the River Spree, upon whose banks the school was built. And, indeed, in a few minutes we drew up at the double glass doors of a long, brightly-lit white house, with the Red Cross

emblazoned on its front. The door was quickly opened by quite a smart-looking young footman, adorned, however, with a large military moustache. We entered a big hall which seemed warm and comfortable to our half-frozen bodies. No doubt I was given some supper, as we were extremely well looked after in this respect, but this I have forgotten, though I remember how thankful I was when I was conducted to my pretty bedroom on the ground floor, with a nice white bed ready for me. I am glad to say that, unless you brought your own, which most of the German girls did, you were not expected to repose under one of the usual enormous feather beds so dear to the Teuton's stuffy soul. I liked the look of my surroundings, a bed-sitting-room, greatly, and I jumped cheerfully into my wooden, clean-looking bed, falling asleep almost instantly and without shedding a single tear. But this state of beatitude was not to continue throughout the night, for, at what seemed to me its dearest and darkest hour, I was awakened by the sound of heavy, yet muffled footsteps approaching my door. Old tales of travellers being murdered in their beds rose to my mind: had these not been unusually common in Germany? I sat up with wildly beating heart, gazing into the darkness. Slowly and very carefully the door was opened, and a faint light appeared behind the curtains which separated my bedroom from the sitting-room. Those were drawn aside and then I saw the quaintest figure—just like a German picture—a man carrying a horn lantern. On his head was a huge fur cap, with ear flaps, and he had large felt slippers pulled over his boots. Though marvelling greatly why he came, I was no longer afraid, as the smile on his face was one of pure benevolence. He addressed a cheerful 'Good Morning, Miss,' to me in the peculiar dialect of Berlin, when he saw I was awake. His errand soon revealed itself, for he walked straight to my large porcelain stove, so common in Northern Germany, and began to take out the ashes. He then relit it with wood and pleasant smelling peat, scolding it as if it were a naughty child, when at first it refused to light, and breaking out into delighted chuckles when at last it burst into a cheerful flame. Every morning at five o'clock, through the long, dark winters of Prussia, this kindly ogre went his beneficent round, lighting the many stoves in the large school building. I think of him with gratitude, dear old Herr Opitz, a simple German of a happier, better Germany than that of to-day.

We were allowed to remain in bed till nearly seven, at least most of us did, though we managed to be in our places in the dining-room

when the bell rang at seven o'clock for the first breakfast, consisting of excellent crisp rolls and washy coffee. Lessons began at a quarter to eight, but first we had to make our beds and go through some lengthy Lutheran prayers. The English had to attend these, though the Roumanians, Servians, and Russians were excused as being members of the Orthodox Greek Church and, of course, the French Roman Catholic teachers as well. I may say here that the acquirement of languages, spoken as well as written, was a great feature of this school. The teaching staff consisted of two German teachers, highly qualified and of equal rank, two French mistresses, Senior and Junior; the latter merely talked French to the pupils and supervised their preparation; two English mistresses, also Senior and Junior, the latter of whom also merely spoke English to the girls and read to them. Besides these resident teachers there were a number of visiting professors from the more important boys' schools in Berlin. These I shall describe later.

There were about sixty pupils in the school, divided into four classes. As I have already said, they wore a hideous uniform of royal blue (Reckitt's blue) repp with imitation black watered silk aprons, adorned with various coloured ribbon rosettes, denoting their class. Their hair, irrespective of age, was dragged off their foreheads and done in a hard knob behind. My hair was of the rebellious order, difficult to reduce to the desired flatness, and throughout my school life was a source of trouble to me. The teachers also wore a uniform, distinctly more becoming than that of the pupils. Grey stuff dresses, relieved with a broad band of light blue ribbon, to which was suspended a white enamelled medallion inscribed with a red cross. Senior and junior teachers alike wore pleated lace caps, with early Victorian lappets, on their heads. The teachers provided this raiment for themselves, which, in the case of the dress, had to be of silk on great occasions. I think this last was, perhaps, given to them.

At ten-thirty breakfast proper was served, always a very nice meal, and, as I have already hinted, the creature comforts of the inmates of this, in many ways, unusual school, were well looked after. True, there were certain dishes which, after the manner of schoolgirls, we much disliked, for instance, a fiendish concoction known to the authorities as Irish Stew, but called 'Washerwoman' by the pupils. It was a mixture of waxy potatoes, dark-looking mutton, which seemed to have died of itself! greasy gravy, and—save the mark—a great number of carraway seeds. I also had a

great abhorrence of the countless joints of venison, provided by the royal parks, which we partook of at certain periods of the year. These we were aware of long before we reached the dining-room, and a premonitory shudder passed through the school. But, with these exceptions, we were well and plentifully fed, and most of the school arrangements were excellent, barring the sanitation and baths.

On my first day at school I had to go through what, to my youthful years, seemed an ordeal. I had to be personally interviewed by the Empress 'all by myself,' as the children say. After second breakfast on that first morning of new impressions, Frau Oberin drew me into her private sitting-room and told me I must be ready to go to the special room reserved for Her Majesty, at twelve o'clock. She told me to do my hair 'nicely.' I knew what she meant—not a curl must show—and don a pair of white kid gloves. How ridiculous this seemed to me at twelve o'clock in the morning.

'But what must I do?' I gasped out.

'Do? Just curtsey nicely and kiss the Empress's hand.'

'And shall I have to say anything?' This was worse than 'doing,' for I knew my German would fly.

'Oh, say! No, the Empress will do the talking.' And she *did*. I left the room feeling that the last hour in the condemned cell must be enjoyment compared with the hour and a half I had to live through before twelve o'clock came.

I did not hear much of the lessons that morning, but I became conscious at about a quarter to twelve that a subtle odour was stealing through the school, reminiscent of Roman Catholic churches. On inquiring what this might be, I was informed that, on the Empress's expected visits, incense was burnt in a shovel, throughout the school. Nor was this an unnecessary piece of ritual, for, as I have already said, in this otherwise admirably arranged establishment, the sanitary conditions were appalling, and would not have been tolerated for a moment in England. So, lest the nose of Majesty should be offended, excellent 'Mariechen,' Frau Oberin's personal attendant, with all the air of a high priestess performing a solemn rite, marched through the school burning ecclesiastical incense on a kitchen shovel!

This incense burning, which we called 'Empress smell,' and the arrival of certain ancient ladies-in-waiting, of unamiable character, heralded the Empress's near approach. A sympathiser, who had already gone through the ordeal, informed me that my hour had come,

and that it was time for me to don my gloves. She volunteered to go with me to show me the door, outside which stood two imperial footmen dressed in the red and black of the Prussian Royal house. One of them opened the door for me. I stepped forward, and then it was noiselessly closed. My first impression was of a room all red morocco and golden crowns, and then of an invalid's chair in which was seated a shrunken, deathly-looking old woman. Her head was much inclined to one side and her hands, and indeed her whole body, trembled painfully—the Empress, at this time, was suffering from the same terrible disease which afterwards slew her son in the prime of life and, though she actually survived him for nearly two years, she was even then a dying woman.

Somehow I made my curtsy and dutifully kissed the shaking hand which she held out to me, or rather, I kissed what seemed like a stuffed hand in a yellow-coloured glove, for there seemed to be nothing alive about her except her burning black eyes. She was, however, very gaily and youthfully dressed in bright blue silk with quantities of lace and a massive bonnet, also blue I think, with various large jewelled ornaments about her person. To my relief she addressed me in very fluent English, asking me about my home and people, and expressing her hope that I should be happy at her school. But, though only by marriage a Hohenzollern, she had acquired their habit of speech, so she ended up by giving me what schoolboys call a regular 'pi-jaw.' She then indicated that the interview was at an end and I began my perilous journey backwards to the door. Mercifully there seemed to be no tables or other obstacles in my way and I found the door presently shut safely upon me.

In her time the Empress Augusta, who was of the house of Saxe-Weimar—her mother being a daughter of the Czar Paul I—had been a handsome and dignified woman with certain political ambitions. These Bismarck had promptly sat upon, and they were bitter foes. For years her chief interest had lain in this school and similar institutions. When younger, and not quite such an invalid, she had taken an active part in its life, even, I believe, frequently taking her meals with the inmates and keeping an assortment of dresses there, suitable for various occasions. At Court she had become something of a cipher and, as is well known, her married life had been unhappy. She was now too old and too ill to supervise the school life, so this had been undertaken by her ladies-in-waiting, especially one veritable old tabby, who was but little liked by either

teachers or pupils, her labours partaking more of the nature of spying than anything else. She possessed the art of destroying a character with a look. In addition to these ladies there was a dandified old general, who made frequent tours of inspection, penetrating even to the cellars and servants' quarters. What he did not know of a girl's education was said to be not worth knowing. He was harmless and very polite and was known in Berlin by the name of the 'Court Pedagogue.'

At the date of my arrival at the school, the annual Christmas entertainment was due. This took the form of either a French or English play. Imagine my delight when I found that the play chosen for that occasion was an English operetta, the words of which had been written by my mother and which had, somehow or another, found its way to Berlin. After the performance, which was quite admirable, at which the Empress and all her Court were present, she sent for me, expressing herself as quite delighted at what she had heard and seen, and sending gracious messages of thanks to my mother for the charming words she had written. These I duly transmitted to the proper quarter.

On the occasion of an evening party the entire supper was supplied from the Royal kitchen. So we regaled ourselves merrily on caviare sandwiches and *pâté de foie*, pastry things, *truffées* in an enticing manner. The Empress's bouquet was also distributed among us, and I have still a faded day-lily, preserved from one of these. I was struck on such occasions by the amount of English that I heard spoken by the entire Court party, and such excellent English, too. Occasionally one heard French as well, but very seldom German. The Empress was very fond of the French, and she took particular notice of our Senior French Mistress, admitting her to rather a close intimacy, much to the anger and envy of her German colleagues. After I left the school there was a complete rupture in their relations; but that is 'another story.'

I have mentioned that there were various nationalities among the pupils and, of these, my favourites were two Servians, charming girls, who spoke good English, and in their ways might have been compatriots of my own. I was astonished at the severity of the fasting these young girls, all members of the Greek Church, as also were the Roumanians, practised during the whole of Lent, but more particularly in Holy Week. Our Easter was over thirteen days before theirs began. It was a great festival for them. They attended the Chapel at the Russian Embassy, and every opportunity

was given them to do so. The school itself possessed an ornate little chapel of the 'highest' Lutheran type, and there was a young, though strangely white-haired, chaplain of sanctimonious character attached to it. He bore a strong resemblance to a snowy owl; the Senior German teacher afterwards married him, and I can easily imagine they both sang the *Hymn of Hate* whole-heartedly during the war, for he, especially, was of the true Prussian type with an insane hatred of England.

Twice a month I was allowed to attend the English church in Berlin, and how I loved this! It was a little bit of England, though with a somewhat German face, as the names of many of the seat holders were so curiously German. There was a sort of Royal box in this church, in which on several occasions I saw various members of our own Royal family. Particularly I recall 'Prince Eddie'—the Duke of Clarence—for on that occasion he had forgotten to bring a coin for the offertory, and had to appeal to his father, the then Prince of Wales, to help him out of his difficulty. We all, including the Royal party, smiled a little at the episode.

After I had been a few weeks at the school I was again summoned to Frau Oberin's room. I had got accustomed to her contortions but she was always a little formidable and of a highly nervous nature. On this occasion she wanted to know whether I should care to go every morning to the neighbouring Palace of Charlottenburg to give English lessons to 'our Princesschen,' as she called her. I had often heard this small person talked about and wondered who she might be. Now I was told that she was the only child of the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen and the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, sister of him whom we now term the ex-Kaiser. This little girl, now eight years old, was therefore the eldest great-grandchild of our own Queen Victoria, for her cousin Prince William (ex-Crown Prince) was about two years younger. I was told that she could already speak English fluently, but that she was now to learn to read and write it. I thought it would be an interesting change from school life, so I accepted the post readily and, accordingly, in a few days' time I made my way at the early hour of eight, on a bitter morning, to the Palace, which was hardly more than a stone's throw from the school. The Palace of Charlottenburg, built by one of the early Hohenzollern kings, is a huge pile forming three sides of a quadrangle and is bare and dreary looking with its iron railing on the fourth side and a grass plot with orange tubs in the middle. There is a central dome with a golden ball and prancing golden figure in

the middle and the railings have the Hohenzollern motto engraved in gold all along them.

The apartments of the Meiningen family were on the right-hand side. I had been told to go up the flight of stone steps I should see and proceed along a glass corridor. This I did, but I was not prepared for its forbidding appearance. I had pictured a snug, carpeted, well-warmed approach to the door which opened on a princess's bower. But nothing could have been less romantic. Bare glass, whitewash and cold stone were all I found and, after traversing an immense distance, a door, on which I knocked. This was opened by a footman, who greeted me with many bows, taking me through the anteroom in which he apparently sat all day, towards another door. He threw this open, announcing me in a loud voice with many more bows to the inmates. I entered and found myself in a typically German room. A round table with a woollen cloth on it, the inevitable sofa and large china stove, and the usual stout German lady who advanced to meet me with a tiny fair-haired girl holding on to her skirt. The stout, middle-aged lady was the Princess's duenna, Frau von R., and she was a thoroughly good-natured and kindly soul. She drew her little charge forward and we soon became friends.

At that time Princess Feodora bore a strong resemblance to the portraits we are all familiar with of Queen Victoria at the same age, but she was by no means so robust looking. Indeed, her transparent skin and thin, well-shaped little nose made her look decidedly delicate. Her hair was long and very fair, and her eyes blue with the heavy lids of our Royal family. She was dressed just like the pictures of 'Alice in Wonderland' in the original edition, and her appearance generally recalled that adventurous young woman. She was by no means a quick or diligent pupil, in fact her lessons bored her greatly, poor baby. And it is hardly to be wondered at, for she had already had a writing and arithmetic lesson from a master who came from Berlin, even though I appeared at such an early hour. Also on certain mornings before breakfast a manicurist came to see to her nails, which, as she confided in me, always made her feel sick and faint. And all this on a small slice of bread and butter, for her real breakfast was not until nine o'clock. It was a Spartan upbringing with none of the comforts of the English nursery and schoolroom, and she gave me the impression of having lived with grown-up people too much. She delighted, however, in telling me tales of her cousins—the Duke of Edinburgh's daughters—whom

she called 'Ducky' and 'Sandra,' and of the mischief they did when they got together. To these girls she seemed much attached, but for her other cousins—Little Willie and his brothers—she appeared to have no great affection.

Often when lessons palled she would snuggle up to me and say 'Now tell me a story—a true one.' She despised anything that I could not honestly assure her was true, therefore most fairy tales were barred, though those even then seemed true enough to me. She had a firmly grounded belief that all the kings and queens in the Bible were her own blood relations. I am not sure that the exile of Doorn did not share the same belief at a much more mature age. So I was frequently requested to tell her a story of her *dear* Queen Louisa—in the Bible. In vain I reiterated that there was no such queen, but she persisted. Now this Queen Louisa is a great heroine in the Prussian Royal family and was Princess Feodora's great-great-grandmother. She lies buried in a marble mausoleum in the park at Charlottenburg, whither her son, the old Emperor William, now ninety years of age, was soon to be carried. One day, after the usual request, the spirit of mischief entered into me and I told my pupil the story of Queen Jezebel. At first she was delighted. 'She tired her hair,' I said. 'Oh! did a hairdresser come from Berlin to do it, as he does my Mama's?' I made some sort of assent, and she became satisfied that Queen Jezebel and the saintly Queen Louisa were one and the same person. But when it came to the throwing out of the window and the consuming dogs, she fell upon me, beating me with her tiny hands and crying, 'Oh! you are naughty, naughty, and it isn't true.'

Another time we were walking together in the park, when the snow was thick on the ground. As we were passing the back premises of the Palace a door opened and a chimney-sweep came out. Against the clean snow perhaps he looked even more than ordinarily black and she gazed on him with astonishment. 'What is that?' she said, a little frightened. 'Only a chimney-sweep who has been sweeping your chimneys, Princess,' I answered. 'Oh! what does he live on?' The answer was irresistible: 'Soot,' I said, and she was quite satisfied.

After I had played with and taught 'Princesschen' to the best of my ability for four or five months, it was decided that a resident English governess should be sent from England to undertake her education more seriously. Accordingly my morning visits ceased, but I frequently went to have tea with her and her friendly lady-in-

waiting. On the first occasion after the governess had arrived I was surprised to find that the so-called well-educated young lady from England was nothing more than a London nursery-maid with a well-developed cockney accent! This girl, it afterwards transpired, had indeed been under-nurse in the family of an English peeress and, by some mistake, one of our princesses had despatched her to Berlin as a suitable governess for Princess Feodora. Frau von R. was at first quite satisfied, as the girl was pretty and clean looking, but presently even her ignorance was enlightened, for she told me one afternoon, in great distress, that Princess had had occasion to indite a letter of thanks for some English books, to her august great-grandmother in England, and her instructress had bidden her to begin with the old classic formula, 'This comes hopping'! It is almost incredible, and one shudders to think what would have happened if the ill-spelt, ill-written scrawl had ever come into the hands of that severe old lady—Queen Victoria. I may as well now finish the tale, as far as I know it, of this girl. Eighteen-eighty-seven, as every one knows, was our Queen's Jubilee year, and Princess Feodora, along with her relations, was bidden to England to take part in the celebrations. The day after the procession and service in the Abbey, the Queen held a large garden-party in the Park, principally for children. Princess was to attend, but at the appointed hour she was found untidy and ill-clad for the function. She said to the very great lady who had declared she could not go in that condition, 'Well, I had to dress myself.' The 'well-educated English lady' was missing. She had eloped with the footman of many bows!

At the service in the Abbey, Princess Feodora created quite a small sensation. By some error it chanced that she entered the Abbey all alone. Quite undisconcerted she walked up the long nave, acknowledging with perfect self-control the salutations from all sides. When she and Frau von R. returned to Charlottenburg I was told many amusing details of what had happened behind the scenes. One incident I recall of the night of their arrival at Windsor. Every nook and cranny was occupied, even the dungeons! But when it came to going to bed, Frau von R. found there was no place of repose for her. She appealed to one of the Princesses, and she said: 'Oh! here's a nice room, you have that!' Thankfully the tired middle-aged lady accepted and promptly went to bed. About twelve o'clock at night she awakened to find a smart looking valet arranging shaving things on the dressing-table. With righteously

outraged Teutonic virtue the stout lady raised herself in the bed, exhorting him to leave the room at once. 'But, Madam, this is the bedroom of his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of —, and he is coming up immediately.' Then Frau von R. rose in her wrath and, seizing the young man by the shoulders, she thrust him through the door, barricading it with chairs—there was no lock—and daring him to disturb her again. 'I neither knew nor cared where the Grand Duke slept that night,' she said grimly, 'but I had put the fear of death into that young man and he dared not come near me again.' The sight of her in unqualified German nightgear must have been indeed terrifying.

I remained in Berlin for another year, but sad times, as I shall presently relate, had come to the Court, and I did not often go to the Palace. When she was barely seventeen, Princess Feodora was married off to a Prince of the house of Reuss, and I heard that the marriage was not very happy—but this, I hope, may not be true, as I still have a warm corner in my heart for 'Little Princess,' with her quaint ways and look of 'Alice in Wonderland.'

But to return to school life proper. I have already said that certain 'professors' came from Berlin to teach particular subjects. The most mighty man among these was Professor P., who taught history and literature. As a teacher he was very interesting, but his arrogance and conceit were of the limitless order, and it was impossible for him to view any event except from the strictly Prussian standpoint. From his account of the Battle of Waterloo one would have thought that the English were not even present. This man stood high in favour with the Court party. The arithmetic master was of an inferior order: wore a straight black wig and had a peculiar habit, whenever necessity forced it upon him, of rushing into a corner, and turning his back on the class, for the purpose of blowing his nose. Though persisting in this habit he was always very suspicious of what we might be doing while his back was turned, and he used to cast a baleful and beady eye upon us when the performance was over. Mental arithmetic was the only branch of the subject he considered worthy of attention and, as it was all in the metric system, I was completely lost. The same man also taught botany, according to the Linnean system.

The writing master, the same person who taught Princess Feodora, was a good-natured giant rejoicing in the curiously inappropriate surname of 'Mustard.'

But all these men and their peculiarities were put into the shade

by the music master, in whose person met all the most hateful characteristics of genuine Prussianism. This man was a bully, with the temper of a mad bull; at the same time he was cold and sneering and an offensive toady. He delighted to make, in my hearing, insulting remarks about the English, prophesying their ultimate fate at the hands of the Germans at no distant day. I should like to think that this man survived at least until 1918, but, as he seemed old to me in my youth, he may have been dead.

We occasionally had a very interesting visitor to the school, namely, Mlle Nathalie Janotha. She was a great favourite with the Empress, and was a Pole, with a wonderful talent for music. She used, I think, to give concerts in London sometimes; anyway, I saw that during the second year of the War she was deported from London, so I suppose she possessed other talents than those of music, which were not appreciated by Scotland Yard.

I think, on the whole, it was the visitors that made this school so interesting, for the Empress had a habit of bringing anyone who happened to be visiting her to see this favourite plaything of her own. On one occasion, during the absence of the head English mistress, I was asked if I would take the elder girls in English literature. When I was engaged in telling them all I knew of Shakespeare's life, the door opened and in walked a tall, stately, middle-aged lady, with silvery white hair and a sad, beautiful face. This was the celebrated Queen of Roumania—Carmen Sylva. She was accompanied by our own Empress in her chair, who presented me to her. In excellent English, she told me how fond she was of England and how much she delighted in our literature. She was dressed in a semi-national costume, and her personality made a lasting impression upon me—there was something so gracious and romantic about it.

Another day we were all summoned to the broad corridor to make our curtsies to two quaint little princesses from Japan. These were the funniest little figures, who giggled and chattered all the time in French. Their heads were adorned with towering Parisian bonnets and their tiny feet were thrust into very high-heeled shoes, which accentuated their waddling gait. At this time Germany was trying to oust England in the East, so any visitor from Japan was made much of.

And so the days went on. We worked, but I may say we never played, though we gossipped and quarrelled. Play was unknown in my day, in a German school. Recreation consisted in mooning round and round a sufficiently large garden with arms interlaced,

talking over teachers and love affairs, of which the German girls seemed to have plenty. Unutterably weary I found those hours and the dreary walk two and two in the afternoon through the hideous suburbs of Berlin. Our school had received the nickname of the 'Cloister on the Spree' (this sounds quite festive in English!), and, indeed, it might have been a convent, for we were not supposed to go to any but the best public entertainments, and that but seldom. When the water in the Thier-Garten was frozen over I timidly asked Frau Oberin if I might go and skate one half-holiday. She lifted her hands in holy horror. 'What, a young lady from Her Majesty's school! Never!'

Now and again we were taken to the rehearsals of the State Concerts in the 'White Hall' of the old Berlin Castle. The Empress would be there with her ladies, and I heard many good singers in this way, notably, Mme Albani. But the 'White Hall,' in the garish light of day, presented a cold and tawdry appearance, and we seldom enjoyed these functions, everything was so stiff and formal.

In the spring of 1887, on March 22, the old Emperor William celebrated his ninetieth birthday. Every Sunday he was in the habit of showing himself, at about twelve o'clock in the morning, to his faithful subjects at one of the windows in his Palace in Unter den Linden. On the Sunday subsequent to his birthday I was returning from the English Church in the Mon Bijou Platz when I heard in the distance those hoarse guttural cries wherein a Prussian celebrates his feelings of loyalty and devotion to his sovereign, but in greater volume than usual. I hurried to the scene and found myself instantly involved in a howling, excited mob. For some moments I 'enjoyed' the truly awful sensation of being carried off my feet. My umbrella was wrenched from my hand, my purse was stolen and, if it had not been for a stout elderly man, who exhorted me to hold on to him, I should have been trampled under foot. The old Kaiser, a yellow, shrunken old man, stood gallantly bowing response to the ovation his subjects gave him. I wonder if his mind turned to that day in 1848 when he and his brothers were hissed and hooted by a similar mob, who then would have been glad to see him and his trampled in the mire.

But the time was now coming when I was to see this old man at closer quarters. Twice a year—at Christmas and Easter—the whole school was invited to tea at the Palace. Royal carriages were sent to fetch us. The pupils donned their best frocks of a finer material,

but of the same hideous hue, and, for this occasion, the black aprons were discarded, though the hair was done in a still tighter knob and more thoroughly plastered back from the forehead. The teachers put on their grey silk dresses, with fresh blue ribbons, and new lace caps with extra long lappets, and poor Frau Oberin's nervous contortions increased every moment until she had got us all safely into the waiting carriages.

Arrived at the Palace, we were taken upstairs to a large room with a long table in it, upon which a very sumptuous tea was spread. The Empress sat at the head in her wheeled chair, with the old Emperor by her side. I was fortunate in being placed near to them, and so I heard all that went on. In the middle of tea the door opened and a tall figure in uniform came in. He was not exactly handsome but his height made him imposing. I noticed how ill and haggard he looked. He was the Crown Prince Frederick, or 'Unser Fritz,' as the Germans loved to call him. He greeted his father and mother affectionately, then, dropping on one knee before her, he presented a box to our Frau Oberin, saying, 'Madam, may I offer you a cigar?' She writhed and blushed, saying in discreetly shocked tones, 'But, Sir, I never smoke.' Everybody laughed, including the Prince, for the cigars he offered her were of the innocent chocolate variety. After he had taken his place, the Prince began to talk to his father, telling him about some excavations which were being made, I think, at Heidelberg, where the workmen had come on some old flagons, said to be Roman. He called them *humpen*. The Emperor leant across the table, saying, 'I can't hear what thou say'st, Fritz, thou art so hoarse; hast thou a cold?' Alas! this hoarseness was the beginning of the fatal malady which in a few months was to make a hopeless invalid of this fine, strong-looking man. The following June he went to Queen Victoria's Jubilee, making quite a sensation as he rode along the streets in his splendid Cuirassier's uniform, though even then he was a mortally stricken man.

After tea we were set to work to hunt for the various coloured Easter eggs, hidden in two large rooms. The Empress sat in her chair smiling upon us and the old Emperor encouraged us with chuckles and nods. I secured two, which I kept as souvenirs for several years, when a housemaid managed to crack them, and after that it was necessary to consign them to the flames. After all were found, the Emperor, who had been fidgetting about, came up to some of us carrying a magnificent sword in his hand. 'Have you seen this?' he said eagerly. 'It is the sword the King of Spain has sent me for

my birthday. Look at these magnificent jewels.' He was as pleased as a child gloating over a new toy. Suddenly he turned away, exclaiming, 'But the Queen has not seen it yet' (he never called her the Empress), and he trotted off to exhibit it to his spouse.

In taking leave of our hosts this kindly old man shook us all by the hand—he disliked having his hand kissed—and found something to say to us all. He asked me what nationality I was of. I answered in English, for my German forsook me. '*Ach, was,*' he said testily, 'I never could learn your language: it is too difficult.' He was a man of the utmost simplicity of nature, disliking all pomp and luxury. His bedroom held a narrow iron camp bedstead; and all the rest of the furniture was of the plainest variety.

II.

In the autumn of my first year in Berlin a new interest came into my life. One of the senior girls from my old school, near London, was appointed English governess to little Prince William, now, alas! the 'Little Willie' of infamous repute—then a boy of about six—a small, fair-haired, blue-eyed, smiling and quite attractive child. At first my friend had some difficulty in persuading him to obey what he called a 'dirl,' but when he heard that her father had been an English officer who had died for his country, he was more amenable. She happened to possess some of her father's medals and these he gazed upon with great respect.

I had a standing invitation to have tea with him and my friend when school duties permitted, so I got to know this little fellow and his younger brother, Prince Eitel-Fritz, quite well, though the latter was still in the nursery.

One day when I arrived, Prince William was in a state of great excitement, saying constantly, 'May I show it to her?' After at last obtaining permission to do so he fled from the room, presently returning clad in the full uniform of a hussar. Everything had been made exactly like the grown-up version in miniature for him—tall boots, tunic, breeches and, perhaps, most impressive of all, tiny sword with belt and the proper accompaniments. He planted himself in front of me, pointing out the various wonders of his outfit, and every bit had to be duly admired. In his reminiscences, published a year or two ago, he has had the photo reproduced of himself which commemorates the donning of his first uniform. He is standing, with his hand on his father's knee, looking up with a rather deprecating smile as if he were wondering whether the divinity

would smile or frown. He has told us that he always stood a little in awe of his formidable parent.

The early part of the winter passed pleasantly away and, when Christmas came, we had our annual tea-party at the Empress's Palace, with a Christmas tree. On that occasion the old Emperor did not appear, but I recollect playing obsolete and idiotic games—such as kiss-in-the-ring—with the late ex-Kaiserin. At the close of the festivities we all received presents, my gift being a red leather writing case, which I still possess. The German girls were horrified at the simple 'Thank you, Ma'am,' with which I received my present. *They* had an elaborate formula about laying themselves at the Empress's feet, etc. We also were given many sweets and cakes of the marzipan variety, so common in the Fatherland at Christmas time. But there was a cloud over the Court. The old Emperor was plainly breaking up, while his unfortunate son was spending what proved to be his last winter at San Remo. The unseemly squabbles between the English and German doctors as to the nature of his complaint were still going on and, in the political world, there were all sorts of intrigues, the head and front of them being the ex-Kaiser and his party.

On March 9, 1888, the old Emperor died, and now the question arose, would his son return to Berlin to reign in his stead? According to a Prussian law, if his illness was, as the German doctors said, of a cancerous and incurable sort, he was not eligible to ascend the throne. The English doctors declared that what they had found was not malignant. Feeling ran very high. England and the English generally, with the Empress Frederick in particular, were execrated everywhere, and the little English colony was loud in her support.

One night about midnight, a day or two after the Emperor's death, I was in bed, but quite unable to sleep owing to excitement over impending events, with my window open as usual, when I heard a sound of hoarse cheering. Snow had fallen during the day, and as I jumped out of bed and leaned far out of the window the scene was wild and eerie. The Spree—close to my window—was partly frozen over, and though there was a moon it was veiled by heavy snow-clouds. The cheering came nearer and nearer, and I heard the rumbling of wheels turning round at a corner which I knew led to the Charlottenburg Palace, where my little Princess lived.

The Emperor Frederick had come home to ascend the throne of his fathers—but he had not gone to Berlin.

On the next or following day the funeral of the old Emperor took place, and he was to be carried to the Mausoleum in the Park of the Palace mentioned above, where his mother, the good Queen Louisa ('in the Bible') already lay. This was rather a beautiful little place of the dead, with its white marble recumbent figures of Queen Louisa and her unfortunate husband. The windows were of purple glass, and when the sun shone the statues glowed with a soft violet light.

On the day of the funeral we were all up betimes, for we had been given a room in the Palace to see the procession pass along the broad walk of the park to the Mausoleum. Poor old Frau Oberin was more agitated than usual and tied herself into various complicated knots, as she marshalled her party, fearful lest any of us should have forgotten to attach to our sleeves the black crêpe bands which had been served out to us.

We reached the Palace, which, as I have already said, was only a short distance from the school, in good time, and found that a room had been allotted to us on the ground floor, close to the entrance gates, and with two large windows.

After a fairly long wait we heard in the distance that most poignant of all sounds, Chopin's 'Funeral March,' played by massed military bands. When the procession reached the gates of the park, outside of which huge vases of pitch were blazing, the significance of which I could not learn, there was a pause, while the bands, with muffled drums, played the 'Dead March in Saul.' And then, in utter silence, the gun-carriage, with its long narrow burden, approached, followed—somehow, saddest sight of all—by the dead King's charger, with empty saddle and boots reversed.

But who is this that comes next? A man of startling appearance, not for his beauty or ugliness, but for his expression. He is not tall and his face is sallow and seamed, though he is a young man. He walks with his head erect and his hands firmly clasped in front of him. His blue eyes flash and there is a grim set look on his mouth. Of what is he thinking? He is seeing visions—visions of world empire perchance, but not, I trow, a vision of that night at Spa when his officers told him that his army would have none of him and that he must resign his throne and flee into exile. He gives one glance towards the distant window where stands the bowed figure of his dying father whose throne he is greedy for; then he passes on his way to his ambition and his doom.

A long line of kings and princes followed, of whom I chiefly

remember the handsome Leopold, King of the Belgians, with his long white beard, and the foxy face of Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The venerable statesman, Bismarck, with his burly, almost brutal figure, also walked in that long line, with the sphinx-like Moltke, and the thought in their minds must surely have been that their day was also over. The procession vanished out of our sight and we were hustled away, back to the school dinner.

Changed times now began for our school. There was no party at the Palace that Easter, and the next event I clearly remember was the visit of our own Queen Victoria to Berlin. This took place in April or the beginning of May, and was by no means the least courageous act of this valiant woman's life. The feeling against England rose day by day. The English doctors, who still attended the Emperor Frederick, were hissed and hooted in the streets of Berlin, and I believe the post brought them daily hideous symbols and missives indicating what their fate would be if only the authors could get at them.

The day before the Queen's arrival I went to Berlin, accompanied by the Senior English mistress, to find out what the programme might be. Encountering a policeman in Unter den Linden, I enquired mildly at what time it was likely the Queen would drive into Berlin from Charlottenburg. His ferocious look and fierce reply took me aback. 'Drive into Berlin!' he shouted; 'she daren't—she would be blown to pieces.' Ah! but she did drive into Berlin and my truly Prussian policeman must have had the shock of his life, for she received a great ovation, even though the hated English doctors drove in a carriage behind her.

But now my stay at Charlottenburg was drawing to a close. At the beginning of June I went home, and a week or so later—on June 15—the Emperor Frederick died, and was buried privately, without pomp, at Potsdam. And now his son, William II, had achieved the first step on the ladder which was to lift him so high, and from which, twenty-nine years later, he was so greatly to fall. My friend's little pupil had also attained to new dignity: he was now the Crown Prince, and was soon to be placed under the care of a military governor.

A day or two before I left Germany I went to the old castle in Berlin to say 'Good-bye' to my friend and Prince William. The Emperor's death was hourly expected, and there was an atmosphere of strain very apparent in the Palace and in Berlin generally. We talked in hushed voices and rather about my going home than about

what was happening in Berlin. When I rose to go, Prince William whispered something to his governess. She nodded, and he ran to a distant part of the room, presently returning with both hands full of plucked hyacinths.

'Are you going to England?' he asked me.

'Yes, Prince,' I said, 'quite soon.'

'Well,' he said, looking at me with his queer deprecating little smile, 'these are for you'—and he held out one bunch of flowers to me. 'And these,' he said, holding out the other, 'will you please take to Great-Grandmama in England?'

And so I prefer to leave him, as the innocent child, with his gentle, rather touching smile, and try not to think of him as the 'Smiling Murderer of Verdun,' or as the vicious young officer, raising his glass and drinking, amidst uproarious applause, to '*Der Tag*'—The Day—which he hoped was to see the downfall of England.

ADA WALLER.

'PYPER.'

BY F. THICKNESSE-WOODINGTON.

If you casually asked the inhabitants of Nob's End what was their most cherished possession, they would to a man, or woman, or smallest brat, instantly reply in their hoarse and raucous voices 'Mogson's Gardings,' and with the amazing habit of London to produce a crowd on bare paving stones like a conjuror's trick, twenty ragged urchins would be dancing round and clamouring to lead the way before you could reply 'Where are they?' For Nob's End is proudly able to assert that it is London, though a London of back and beyond the marsh lands by the river. A hard-working multitude of pale-faced men and women fills its streets at the closing hour of the shops and factories, and everywhere, like ants in a sandy soil, swarm the children.

Thirty years ago, late on a broiling afternoon, a man had stepped out of a factory gate into a dingy roadway, pent in by high walls and squalid masses of masonry on either side. Generally the hum of machinery filled the street, but this was late Saturday afternoon, and instead of the roar of heavily laden traffic the road was filled with the children who claimed it as their playground. Some were kicking an old newspaper along in guise of football, others were fighting and scrimmaging with piercing yells and screams; toddling girls played in the gutter, and the man who had stepped out of the factory gate stood watching them as they rushed yelling round him, with a curiously thoughtful look on his fat, pallid face.

The watchman, respectfully holding the door ajar till the boss should walk away, broke into angry speech as a wild band of urchins tore across the road to the factory gates, nearly knocking down the gazing man.

'Now then, you young 'uns, keep clear o' this or I'll bang all your 'eads in,' he shouted, and away they tore like yelling demons.

'You're not 'urt, Mr. Mogson, sir?' asked the watchman anxiously as his master lurched against the gate, breathing rather quickly. 'This is the biggest space abaht 'ere forrem to play. There ain't no Greens nor Gardings nor People's Parks 'ere abaht for the children to play in as they've got elsewhere,' he said, as if he

felt it incumbent on him to apologise for the shortcomings of the neighbourhood.

'I know, I know,' said Mr. Mogson with a curt nod. 'Well, I'm off.' He nodded again and walked down the road, to stop once more as the gate clanged behind him. And again he gazed at the children.

Yes, he knew. None better. Had he not played and screamed in the stifling filth of the streets of Nob's End as a bare-footed kid forty—or was it fifty—years ago? Before the pavements were made, or water and gas laid on; when the river mud and slime silted up the roadways and brought the big dray horses down with crashing thud to the joy of the youngsters of his generation. He looked down the long avenue of his life and saw the years flit by—the grim years of childhood, when, barely past infancy, he had been thrust out to fend for himself. His stunted youth, the terrible shifts and struggles, till at fifteen a bit of luck had come his way and put his foot on the first rung of the ladder, and he got a job as sorter in the factory. Still he followed the flitting years. Wages were bitterly low in those days and the sordid struggle told on the lanky, ill-fed youth; two long spells in hospital left their mark, but he clung grimly on and his dogged tenacity attracted attention and appreciation in the long run. Old Payne the miser was boss then of the factory, and though man after man left him for better wages, young Mogson hung on and climbed slowly up. Memory stopped with a jerk, and the fat man with the pallid face, oblivious of the children yelling round him, looked at a picture clear as a photograph held before him.

A thin, weedy young man of twenty-six stood by a coffee stall at midnight in a heavy fog having his supper. The glaring naphtha flares made a circle of light in the evil-smelling atmosphere; he was munching a huge wedge of bread soaked in the coffee—he could taste it now—and he was keeping a wary eye on two sinister figures at his elbow who were noisily drinking their coffee and cursing it for its heat. A night school had been opened by some members of the Wesleyan Chapel, and young Mogson was one of their most promising pupils, and with his head throbbing from the unaccustomed study after his hard day's work, he had taken a long stroll round on his way home to his lodging. Draining his cup he heard a whispered phrase that made him start. When, a moment later, he too plunged into the fog he found himself behind the two men walking down the road in which were Payne's Works, as the factory

was then called. 'They are up to some mischief,' he said to himself, recalling the whispered words, but no inkling of the truth came till he saw them cross the road to the great gates. The fog was thickening steadily and the road boasted few lights. As he crept across in their wake with his heart hammering, he was cudgelling his brains how to meet the emergency. The night watchman would be asleep outside the door of the counting house on the top floor, where rumour had it that old Payne kept his money instead of putting it in the bank, as he could not bear to be parted from it, and the police in those days rarely troubled the far east except in patrols or in search of some known criminal. He could hear the men working at the big gates, and he crept down to where he knew a broken piece of wall gave foothold for a climber. Once on the top he removed his shoes and dropped in his socks, nearly breaking his leg as he fell fair and square on a hand trolley standing beneath him. As he stopped rubbing his leg and making sure it would bear him, a faint light flittered about inside the building and he knew the thieves had effected an entrance. He suddenly remembered the iron handle of the trolley was detachable, and armed with this formidable weapon he groped his way to the door, where he found the lock cut out. Up and up he crept in the weird darkness, following those heavy stealthy footsteps to the third floor, but he was still a flight behind when he heard a sudden noise, a smothered shout, and a light burned clearly. As he reached the landing there was a struggle and a heavy fall. The door of the office was open and a man was standing looking in. Young Mogson, creeping up behind, struck him with all his force on the back of the head, and with a horrid grunt the figure collapsed in a sagging heap. The watchman on the floor was clinging to his assailant, and as Mogson turned he caught the flash of steel; he aimed a heavy blow at the man's head, but at the same moment the watchman fell back, stabbed through the heart, and the iron bar caught the murderer's knee as he raised himself. There was the crack of breaking bone, and the wretch fell shrieking as young Mogson, to complete the group, caught sight of a crimson pool and collapsed himself.

The thrill of the next morning when the foreman came early to open up the premises and found a white-faced, wild-eyed figure babbling of murder and bloody corpses, was on him still as he stood dreaming there amid the cries of the children. From that day old Payne, miser and misogynist, had taken him into his life

and treated him as a son, and no one was astonished, when the old man died some seventeen years later, to hear that he had left the business and all he possessed to Mogson as his successor.

The fat, pallid face lost the absorbed strain of retrospection as the rich man looked at the playing, fighting children with a wistful smile. His luck had stopped there. Wife dead. His only child dead. He himself smitten with heart disease that might carry him off at any moment. He glanced at the factory looming up above the big gates. And what of all that wealth? He looked at the children again and thought of the watchman's words, 'There ain't no Greens nor Gardings nor People's Parks 'ere abaht for the children to play in as they've got elsewhere.'

'No, there ain't,' said Mr. Mogson aloud, reverting in his excitement to the phraseology of his uncultured youth, 'but by God there's goin' to be.'

And that was the genesis of 'Mogson's Gardings,' now under the guardianship of the Municipal councillors who watch over the welfare of the inhabitants of Nob's End. And so we come to our story of 'The Bluggy Ball,' which is an episode of the present day, and which is, as Kipling would say—quite another story.

John Blackett, head keeper and general superintendent of Mogson's Gardens, would have told you that what he did not know about boys was information not worth acquiring. 'Young rascals' was his generic term for them in polite society, but to old cronies he used the shorter epithet of 'varmints'; and he adhered with tenacity to his opinion that the varmints of Nob's End outshone the varmints of any other district in agility to escape the long arm of justice, in the art of subterfuge, in mendacity and in general cussedness. But though he maintained with solemn shakings of the head that 'there was no 'olding of 'em in subjection,' he had the enormous satisfaction of knowing that his majestic presence in his uniform of chocolate cloth, plentifully bedizened with yellow braid, together with his stout black ebony cane with its imposing silver knob, could and did strike awe into the heart of the veriest varmint of them all when he came striding up to know the meaning of unseemly clamour and strife. All shrank from the authoritative wave of that ebony cane, which pointed inexorably to the gate at the least show of hooliganism or brutal tyranny to the younger members of the population, and as he had a ready command of language when necessary to overawe the older malefactors while

conducting them to the portal, the lash of his tongue was much more feared than the extremely rare use of his cane.

'Your name ain't Mogson that I'm aware of,' he said with withering sarcasm on one occasion as he was conducting to the gate a hulking youth who had been driving the little ones off the playing field, followed by a swarming procession of the entire human contents of the gardens, for this was a side show of absorbing interest in their dull lives.

'You're makin' a very big error, young man,' continued keeper Blackett majestically, raising his deep voice so that it should reach the tail of the procession, 'if you think you've got the right to come here and order people about. If you was Mogson hisself, which you ain't by a long chalk an' never will be, for he's dead and buried, God bless 'im, you'd know that it's just those little chaps you've been bullyin' that he made these Gardens for.'

The slouching youth he was addressing walked a little faster, but the big voice boomed on. 'If you're scollard enough to read wot's on the big brass plate at the gate, you'll see these gardens are, in Mogson's own words, "For the use of the public, and especially as a playground for the children of Nob's End, to save 'em from the dangers of the street." An' anyone who interferes with the children of Nob's End in these 'ere Gardens, young man, will be turned out as I'm turnin' *you* out at the present time, so I 'ope it'll be a warnin' to all.'

They had nearly reached the gate by this time and the slouching youth bolted for it, to the accompaniment of victorious hoots and derisive yells, and the keeper sauntered majestically down an alley, conscious of redoubled prestige and power.

In the early days the Gardens had consisted of seven fields reclaimed from the marsh lands by the river, and lightly fenced in in Mogson's lifetime, but the idea had become his absorbing hobby and before he died he sold the factory and the goodwill of his trade, and in his will he left his whole capital for the carrying out and furtherance of his cherished plan, and as the years brought civic enlightenment and reform, the grounds were slowly transformed into well-kept public gardens, small but perfect of their kind. Near the gates to the left were gravelled paths and brilliant flower beds, with shady trees and green benches and winding shrubberies. This was the resort of the elders and the safe nursery of the babies, where the older girls wheeled the family perambulator, which was often a sugar-box mounted on wheels by 'farver.' Beyond this

were the playing fields where cricket reigned in summer and football in winter; where, later on, Boy Scouts were drilled and Girl Guides and Brownies obeyed the words of command. The war brought the era of high wages, and Nob's End blossomed into civilisation in its crudest form. Money was plentiful; thrift was unknown; every house held a piano and a gramophone; two tennis courts sprang up in the Gardens, and the sordid, grimy crowds that Mogson knew melted into groups of ogling 'flappers' in dresses and jumpers of every hue from ripe tomato to brilliant orange. But the far end of the playing fields was rigidly kept for the intentions of the founder, and here the poorest of the population could play to their heart's content.

John Blackett was a Nob's Endr himself and, as a boy, had known hard times, and his sympathies were with the under dog. He had done good service in the war, as was proved by a shining medal on his breast, and a very kind heart beat under the chocolate coat, though, as he said sententiously, 'it would never do to let them varmints know it.'

One Saturday afternoon not long ago, he was strolling up and down the wide gravelled path just inside the gates when he saw a group of tattered and barefooted youngsters enter the Gardens and stand staring about them. There were eight of them, thin, haggard-faced little scarecrows, all vociferating like excited monkeys. A small boy with a wizened face and large blue eyes sunk in hollow sockets seemed to be the leader of the little band. Blackett judged him to be about nine, though he looked like a child of six. A man's trousers, cut off a few inches below the seat and held on the shoulders by the simple expedient of the two sides being tied together by pieces of string, was his only garment, and a grimy little thigh showed through a large rent.

Blackett's eyes grew round. 'They're from the river streets,' he muttered. 'River rats and no mistake.'

The 'river streets' were almost taboo to the present day respectability of Nob's End.

The traffic of the big main road roared past the gates as the keeper stood watching the little group. He took a step forward, expecting to see them fly in panic, but the wizened scarecrow left the others and advanced fearlessly.

'Hi, mister,' he shrilled. 'Can we come in an' ply 'ere?' He lifted his perky little profile to the man towering above him. The others clustered round.

'Wot's your name?' asked Blackett to gain time. The poor they had with them all the year round, but not quite such dregs of the poor as these. 'And yet,' said honest Blackett to himself sturdily, 'they're Nob's Enders, and the Gardens were made for 'em.'

'Pyper,' shrieked the chorus, while the chorus leader stood on one bare toe and smiled ingratiatingly.

'Pyper?' said the mystified Blackett. 'Wot sort o' name's that?'

'E sells 'em,' shrilled the chorus.

Understanding dawned on the keeper's face. 'Oh, you sell papers,' he said; 'but wot's your name?'

'Pyper,' said the wizened one, trying to stand on the other toe, and with a shock the man realised that here was a human child with no name save that which his trade had given him. Of all the under dogs surely this was the underest!

The keeper smiled genially at the group of anxious faces. 'Why, yes, you can play here,' he said, and something caught his throat and made him cough. 'You're littler than most of 'em,' he went on—and looked at the rags, 'all of you, an' you might get hustled a bit. Here, you come with me.' He strode forward, followed by the children who pressed closely to him.

At a little distance from the gates to the right, a privet hedge looped about a long oval of green turf, almost enclosing it, and to this the keeper led them. 'Now, look 'ere,' he said impressively, 'as long as you're good and don't make too much row, an' don't fight or quarrel, and don't dig holes in the grass or break the hedge—you can play here. You really belong to the other end o' the Gardens, but there are too many there. You might get 'urt.'

With a whoop of joy the little ragamuffins flung themselves on the grass, but Pyper stopped to look at the keeper. 'We won't 'urt nuffin,' he said earnestly in his hoarse little voice. 'I'll keep 'em good.'

The keeper smiled at the haggard eyes. 'That's all right,' he said heartily. 'I'll trust you, Pyper. The gardens shut at six o'clock on Saturdays. You'll 'ear me shouting.' He walked away, leaving blissful content behind him. This was Paradise, after the evil-smelling wharves and the river mud!

Several times in the hour and a half did Blackett go, walking on the grass border to deaden the noise of his footsteps, to the hedge that hid his *protégés* to look through the leafy screen, wondering at the silence. Three of the grimy tatterdemalions were rolling energetically up and down the strip of sward. The others

were lying in contented bliss, two sound asleep. 'They're nothin' but skin an' bone, the lot o' them,' muttered Blackett to himself, as he tiptoed away for the third time, 'an' that Pyper's the skinniest o' the lot.'

At six o'clock, as the loud cry of 'All out!' resounded through the Gardens, the ragged group came plunging out of their sylvan retreat. All the grimy faces grinned broadly at their friend the keeper, and Pyper lingered to say confidentially, 'We didn't 'urt nuffin', mister,' before he ran after the others with a gay shout.

Every Saturday after that Pyper brought his band of ragged followers to the Gardens at a little after four, but none of them made an appearance during the rest of the week. The football season had begun and on the third Saturday Blackett, hearing hoarse shouts and husky laughter behind the hedge, crept up to see what they were doing. They had brought an old condensed milk tin to play with, and were kicking it up and down the strip of green with untiring zest.

'Well, I'm blest,' muttered the watching keeper. 'I don't suppose those kids 'ave ever seen a football match in their lives, an' yet, 'ere's the season come round an' they must kick somethin' about, if it's only an old can. Well, well!' He went away meditating over the mysterious instinct of sport in the British blood.

A little later he stood in the opening of the hedge, and instantly at Pyper's cry of 'Ere's keeper,' silence and decorum reigned.

'They're playin' football down in the fields,' said Blackett, 'and if you'll keep all together an' follow me and make no noise, I'll take you to look at 'em.'

Closely pressed round the skirts of the chocolate coat, they followed him, silent as mice, staring wide-eyed about them as they passed the tennis players and the strolling citizens, but as they reached the playing fields where sturdy lads were tearing about with yells and wrestling fiercely for possession of the ball, Blackett felt a tiny hand grip his fingers, and he looked down at Pyper's rapt face with a start. The boy was quite unconscious of his feverish clutch on his friend's hand. His eyes were filled with the adoring light of some ecstatic visionary as he watched the ball go soaring up towards the goal. The others excitedly followed the big boys in the game, but it was the ball that evidently fascinated Pyper.

'It's late,' said the keeper presently, 'an' we'd better be gettin' back, or you'll get caught in the first rush to the gates. Come on, youngsters.'

They surged back with excited babblings of the 'gime,' but Pyper's hoarse voice was silent, and the keeper nodded farewell with a thoughtful frown.

'They're too little,' he muttered once as the crowds poured out, but when the last lingerer had passed through the gates he strode to a small brick building hidden in the shrubbery about the size of a cabman's shelter, and unlocking the door he entered a tiny room containing a table and a bench, and a pile of miscellaneous objects on the floor. Here also were two wheelbarrows and the gardeners' brooms and tools, but Blackett looked at the wall where from a rusty nail hung an old football. Two kind-hearted citizens provided the balls for the poorer boys, and this year gifts of new balls had produced a supply greater than the demand, so the old ball hung there awaiting its destiny. Blackett took it down and weighed it.

'It's knocked pretty soft,' he muttered, 'an' it ain't much good now. It couldn't break their toes, and they've none of 'em the strength to kick it over the 'edge if they tried.' He hung it up again and went out, locking the door behind him, but though he said 'they' he was thinking only of Pyper's rapt eyes.

The next Saturday the old milk tin was flying over the grass when the cry of 'Ere's keeper,' checked the noise and brought them to a standstill. With the lightning intuition of the Cockney *gamin*, a gasping breath ran round the circle as they saw the keeper standing in the opening with the battered old football under his arm. Pyper's blue eyes fairly blazed as they fixed upon it.

'Now, look 'ere,' said the keeper, 'ere's a ball as you can kick about, but I ain't givin' it to you. Mind that, an' don't you try to carry it off, any of you. It belongs to the Gardens, an' if so be it's wanted for the fields you'll 'ave to give it up. But till then you can practise kickin' with it. The 'edge is 'igher this side, so you all line up at that end an' take your turns at aimin' to 'it the 'edge about 'ere. Do you understand? Here, take 'old, Pyper, an' remember you're in charge o' this 'ere ball, but you're all to play with it fair an' square, turn an' turn about. No cheating, mind. 'Ere you are.'

Pyper's wizened face was distinctly whiter than usual as he caught the ball in his outstretched arms and the thwack of it brought him sitting to the ground. The keeper laughed and went back to his post, leaving a twittering pandemonium behind him.

Pyper rocked backwards and forwards, hugging the ball to his

bony breast as a mother rocks her babe. 'The bluggy ball! The bluggy ball!' he whispered as he rocked. 'Bluggy' was the only endearing adjective of his vocabulary.

'Tain't yourn, Pyper,' wailed the others. 'Keeper said we wos to pl'y fair an' turn abaht. It's our turns now.'

Pyper rose with a sense of martyrdom. For the first time he rebelled against the love of fair play which had gained him his post of leader to his playfellows, and with a heavy sigh he resigned the ball to other hands.

Blackett, looking on an hour later through his spy hole, shook in helpless mirth as he watched the youngsters each solemnly taking his kick, followed by a yelling argument as to the distance acquired.

'A new-born kitten could shove it about as far,' panted Blackett, weak with smothered laughter as he returned to the gate. 'Those starved kids 'aven't a real punch in 'em.' However, they were happy, and that was all he wanted, and as he now trusted Pyper not to get into mischief, he went on his rounds and left them to themselves till closing time.

'All out! All out!' The call echoed through the Gardens and the customary rush began, but Blackett's 'river rats,' as he called them, never made their appearance till the last stragglers were tailing out, and then they came in a group, with Pyper far behind for once. He held the ball in his arms, and instead of making straight for the gate and herding his followers together like a good shepherd, as was his custom, he was creeping deliberately towards a large bush that flanked the entrance.

The keeper watched him with dismay. Was he going to make a rush for it to carry off the ball?

Pyper, artfully lingering till a last panting lad from the playing fields had passed him, and oblivious of the shrill calls of his playmates, suddenly slipped behind the bush, invisible to all but the narrowed eyes of the keeper, though he himself was unaware of Blackett's scrutiny. He pressed his head against the ball with a low moan. 'Good-bye, you bluggy, bluggy little ball. I'll come agin on Saturday, an' I'll 'old you in my arms agin.' He pressed his hot despairing lips to the dirty leather and brushed his arm across his eyes as he stumbled back into the path and gave up his treasure to a keeper who was busily occupied in blowing his nose.

For four successive Saturdays this pathetic little scene took place, and Blackett never tired of watching it, though it as

invariably wrung his kind heart. He was making up his mind to speak to the Garden Trustees about Pyper, to see if something could not be done for the little lad, and on the fifth Saturday he waited for closing time a little impatiently, for he had at last made an appointment with the head trustee to meet him at his house an hour after locking up.

Six o'clock tolled out at St. Mary's Church, and the cry of 'All out!' came loudly echoing down the Gardens, while the 'buses and trams went hurrying past and the roar of the streets formed a deep bass accompaniment to the familiar call. The crowd flowed out and thinned, and far down the path leading to the playing fields came a leaping, shouting group of lusty youths who had just won a victory and were filled with frolicsome rowdiness. As they approached, the last of all the stragglers from the fields, Pyper and his followers left their little green and the two groups met on the open gravelled space in front of the gates. Pyper hung back for his usual manoeuvre, but the leader of the football group, a big hectoring fellow, gave him a shove that sent him reeling, and the ball slipped from the protecting grasp of the skinny arms. With brutal laughter the big youth dribbled it along, Pyper in agonised pursuit. His tormentor, thinking such a battered old ball could only belong to the youngsters, paid no heed to Blackett's warning, 'Now then, now then, stop that!' He had reached the exact centre of the open gates when, before the horrified keeper could check him, he stepped back a pace and raised his foot for a swinging kick. The ball sped straight as an arrow into the heart of the traffic, and straight as an arrow sped a white-faced scarecrow after it!

With an anguished roar of horror Blackett fought with the passers-by who sought to avert greater calamity. A policeman on his way home sprang into the road and held up the traffic, and then they backed the taxi and picked up the broken little figure lying on the ball.

'I never saw the poor little beggar till I felt the car go over him,' said the chauffeur. 'I was looking at that blessed ball and wonderin' where it come from. You'd better get in with 'im,' he added to the policeman, 'an' I'll drive you to the London Orspital.'

'That's it,' said Blackett, 'an' I'll come on as soon as I've locked up. I've got the ball.'

Two hours later the keeper tiptoed into a quiet ward and was

met by a nurse who looked at him with sad eyes when he asked if there was any hope of saving little Pyper.

She shook her head, 'He's come out of the anæsthetic,' she said gently. 'The vitality of these poor little half-starved mites is extraordinary, but the internal damage is too great, and he is sinking fast.'

'I've brought,' said the keeper in a low voice—'I've brought this. It'll comfort 'im, if you don't mind.' He held out a deflated football that was cut nearly in half. In a husky, shaking voice he told the story. 'I've washed the blood off,' he said, 'an' patched it up, an' stuffed some shavings in to keep the shape a bit. If 'e's so far gone 'e won't know it's 'urt.'

The nurse could scarcely speak herself, but she beckoned him forward to where, behind a screen, Pyper was lying in a little white bed. His head and left arm were a mass of bandages, and an arched contrivance held up the clothes from contact with the limbs below. He smiled as Blackett came round the screen, and his haggard eyes lit up with ecstasy as he saw the ball.

The keeper knelt down by the bed and wedged it gently against his cheek. 'It's yours for keeps, Pyper,' he said thickly. 'You'll—you'll never lose it any more.'

Pyper feebly turned his face and put his lips against the leather. 'My bluggy ball,' he whispered. 'My bluggy, *bluggy* ball!'

The wizened face grew suddenly beautiful and he lay very still.

The nurse put her hand on the man's heaving shoulder. 'It is better so,' she said unsteadily. 'It is much—much better so.'

THE PIONEER OF THE PILLAR ROCK
1826-1926.

BY GEORGE D. ABRAHAM.

OVER a hundred years ago Wordsworth felt the lure of Lakeland's loneliest vale and added to the romance of Ennerdale. His tragic lines tend mountainwards thus :

You see yon precipice, it almost looks
Like some vast building made of many crags,
And in the midst is one particular rock
That rises like a column from the vale,
Whence by our shepherds it is called the Pillar.

It is more than likely that Wordsworth's story stirred the spirit of adventure in John Atkinson, and this year all mountain lovers remember the centenary of his conquest of the Pillar Rock. Early in 1826 this humble sheep-farmer in the remote vale of Ennerdale made, on these crags, climbing history which to-day has stirred the world. Hundreds joined in the centenary ascent on Easter Sunday. Atkinson's was the first British climbing feat, and to-day his example and spirit are followed by thousands. Practically every crag and peak in Britain has been explored and climbed, whilst Atkinson's one way up the Pillar Rock has grown into over two dozen distinctive routes, disregarding innumerable variations, by which the summit can be reached.

In those earlier times our mountains were regarded with superstition and affright, and the brave shepherd of Ennerdale must have gone in fear and trembling up those lofty cliffs, which even to-day cause many thrills. Numerous myths and misleading statements have gathered around the pioneer's undertaking. Queer tales have been told, and errors have crept in which have been copied persistently. Some relations still survive; they cherish memories of their now famous ancestor and feel that true details should be made available. The writer has been fortunate enough to be able to learn from them all that is possible to be known to-day.

Formerly the usual story was that Atkinson went up to the Pillar Rock with two shepherds to help them build a wall below the crags on the west side. This was to prevent the mountain

sheep from getting into danger on the Low Maw. While his companions worked, he strayed up the adjacent ledges and had climbed the rock almost before his absence was noticed. Atkinson's relatives are certain that there is no truth in this story.

There is no doubt that for some time he had planned an attack on the far-famed, inaccessible Pillar Stone—as it was then called—which was such a prominent feature on the mountain whereon his flocks wandered. Probably the idea was fostered by his rescue of the straying sheep which then, as to-day, often got crag-fast on the rocks. For it should be noted that John Atkinson was not a cooper, as almost invariably described, but a farmer. His family were important sheep-owners, and, besides owning Croftfoot, they rented at one time at least three adjoining holdings in Ennerdale.

The old home is still standing, and provides a pleasant pilgrimage for many who are interested in the pioneer of British climbing. It is at present unoccupied, almost a ruin, but much can be seen, including a curious old pump with ancient inscriptions and the rough steps leading up to the quaint cooper's workshop at the end of the house. Besides the pioneer Atkinson, there were four other brothers in the family—Joseph, Jonathan, Anthony, and Jeremiah, and one sister, Mary. John Atkinson did not marry, and it is from the great-grandson of his only sister that most of the present history has come.

When the historic climb was made John Atkinson was not a young man as usually stated, but fifty-two years of age. His eldest brother, Joseph, was a cooper and rope-maker who saw more of the world outside the quiet dale; hence perhaps arose the error that a cooper first climbed the rock. This member of the family was short and stout, but the hero of the Pillar is described as a 'tall, thin, big-boned man' and 'lish as a lizard.' He died at Croftfoot on November 1, 1840, in his sixty-sixth year, and was buried in the old churchyard of St. Mary's, Ennerdale, which is now closed. Much subsidence has taken place, and there is no one now living who can point out the exact grave, though it most probably lies at the chancel or east end of the church where the rest of the family were buried.

The lure of the great rock in Atkinson's days can be easily understood, for local lore had invested it with romance, and guide-books had extolled its terrors, even as some do to-day. Moreover, at the present time sceptics arise and doubt the pioneer's claims. There is no shadow of doubt that John Atkinson did climb the Pillar Rock. He left a bottle on the top containing his name on

a piece of paper, and the writer learnt from the late C. A. O. Baumgartner, who was the fourth party to reach the top, that the bottle was hidden in the summit stones for many years.

The strange adventures of the 'Wild Dog' and its hunters will always be linked with Ennerdale. This was in 1810, at about the time when the Pillar Rock became more known. This terrible animal was not, as many think, a myth, but a stern reality. A booklet, now very rare, was published in 1864 giving the story of 'T'girt Dog,' as it was locally called. For five months this astonishing animal kept the whole district in a state of the greatest excitement. The fleetest and hardiest of men hunted him with guns and hounds and all manner of devices. The pioneer of the Pillar Rock and his brothers helped in the chase, and Anthony Atkinson was one of the few men who hit the dog with gunshot. The occasion was after a long and notorious run. This was the oft-quoted time when 'the hounds in full cry passed by Ennerdale Church during service, and the male part of the congregation, liking the cry of the hounds better than the sermon, ran out and followed. It has been said that the Rev. Mr. Ponsonby could not resist, and went in pursuit as far as he was able. This run ended at Fitz Mill, near Cockermoth, in a storm which the wearied men and dogs had to meet and struggle against in a twelve miles' return. Months afterwards, after having destroyed nearly three hundred sheep and lambs, the wild dog was chased and shot near Ennerdale Bridge. The carcass weighed eight imperial stones, and for some time the stuffed skin was exhibited in Hutton's Museum at Keswick.'

The modern history of the Pillar has many fascinating details, and it is fairly well known. Tales of adventure and tragedy abound, but there has only been one fatal accident during an actual ascent of the Rock. This was the loss of the two Sprules in 1908 during an attempt on the north face. They fell from near the 'Nose,' and as both perished the actual cause of the accident will never be known. The writer was lowered down the cliff shortly afterwards, and from marks on the steep slabs it could be fairly inferred that the leader fell whilst trying to circumvent the notorious difficulty, and dragged away his unprepared companion. Judging from these marks on the rocks, it seemed most likely that the leader slipped from the small gully beyond the 'Nose.' He had been lowered into Savage Gully, and instead of making the circuitous climb round by the ledges, he was attempting to climb direct up the small rift, which is really the finish of Savage Gully, and a place of terrific aspect.

As is well known, the great cleft of Walker's Gully between the Shamrock and the Pillar Rock proper got its name from a youth—a non-climber—who fell down it in 1883. Under snow-covered conditions he slipped on the upper slopes near the south-east side of the Rock and, being unable to stop, slid downwards at a terrific pace to be flung far out over the edge of the chasm.

A famous character in early Pillar days was the Rev. James Jackson. There is a popular idea that for many years he climbed the Pillar Rock on his birthday when he was between seventy and eighty years of age. This is more likely to have referred to the Pillar mountain, and in reality he probably only climbed the Rock once. In 1877, the year before Jackson met with his death on the Pillar mountain—not the Rock—the writer's father made a special expedition with the veteran in order to take a photograph of him on the top of the Rock. Unfortunately the climber broke his climbing irons. These were pegs which were used to drive into cracks in the rocks, thus giving artificial holds. The breakage prevented the ascent being made. Some expressive language was used, but the ardent Pillarite was not to be deterred. No deception was intended, but he journeyed to Keswick, where a studio photograph was taken. The figure was printed on the top of the photograph of the Rock from the south side. Some of these are still in existence, and though the conqueror is greatly and obviously out of proportion, its existence has been quoted as proof that Jackson did climb the Rock.

Famous men, such as Leslie Stephen, John Tyndall, and Richard Pendlebury, were concerned in early ascents of the Rock, mainly from the east side, by various ways in the 'sixties and 'seventies. Richard Pendlebury, the famous mathematician, walked from Keswick in his slippers and, thus shod, discovered and climbed the route which now bears his name. The short routes on the south side were discovered by Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith in 1882-84, and the same climber was largely responsible for the conquest of the great North Face in 1891. The late Fred Botterill led the first party up the terrific north-west climb in 1901, and the writer achieved success on the long north-east front in 1912. Strangely enough, seventy-five years elapsed after Atkinson's first climb before another route was found up the west side. The writer's party climbed direct to the summit from that side by the New West Route in 1901. This is now considered one of the most interesting routes on any British crag.

FROM THE WOMAN

'Be it known that the poets of Hindustan have a liking for tales of parting and separation, for the telling whereof the Persians have no taste. Among the Arabs a man is in despair at the thought of separation from his woman, but among the Hindus the manner of love is otherwise, in that its beginning is from the woman to the man.'

So wrote Ahmad-ul-Umri in 1599, when he told the tragedy of the life, love, and death of Rup Mati of Mandu, and, as I read, my thoughts went back to a Hindu girl in far-off Waziristan. Love in this case had its beginning from the woman to the man, but the end of that love, though the woman dared much and sacrificed much, was far from what she contemplated.

In Waziristan Hindus are not many, but no Pathan tribe can get on without one or two, to do petty shopkeeping and to supply with ready money a spendthrift people. In Kaniguram, the chief town of the Mahsuds, a Hindu family had long been the central banking institution of the whole country, and the South Waziristan branch of it was situated in Dotani Kot on the Wana plain. The men had adopted the baggy Pathan trousers and peaked turban, and in appearance were hardly distinguishable from their neighbours. They had adopted, too, many of their customs and acquired much of their manliness and fondness for all kind of sports. In fact Sewa, the head of the Dotani Kot family, was the best tent-pegger of the countryside, and always to the fore in contests with the mounted infantry of the Southern Waziristan Militia.

Yet the Hindus were regarded as 'hamsayas,' i.e. dwellers under the shadow of their Pathan neighbours, and had at times to pay for their protection. Whose 'hamsayas' exactly the Hindus of Dotani Kot were is hard to say. The head branch of the firm lay at Kaniguram of the Mahsuds, who claimed the over-lordship of all Waziristan. This the Wazirs, as a whole, hotly disputed. The Wazirs of Wana were undoubtedly lords of the Wana plain, and regarded the Dotanis, the relics of the former inhabitants, as their 'hamsayas,' a claim which the Dotanis in turn rejected. Sewa and his family lived in Dotani Kot and hence were immediately 'hamsayas' of that tribe, but the others held, or at any rate claimed, some shadowy rights over them.

These rights were apt to cause a little occasional trouble,

usually solved by a small extra payment by the Hindus to whichever of their 'maliks' or owners was worrying them at the time, but when the torch of the love of the woman for the man was lit, it was destined to kindle the dispute to a veritable bonfire.

Sewa's daughter, Devi by name, was just fourteen, a shapely maid, fairer than most Hindu girls of the plains, and, like the rest of her family, had acquired some of the boldness of the folk of the hills. She lived mainly out of doors, with face unveiled, fetching the water from the stream and driving the cattle or goats to pasture, like the Pathan girls. Sewa was thinking that it was about time for her to marry, when one day love descended upon her and in a trice the girl was transformed into a woman, passionate and resolute.

Two years before this story begins, Makhmad, a Dotani of the village, had gone off with his fourteen-year old son Ahmad on a trading expedition to Khorasan and Herat to try to improve his falling fortunes. When the Ghilzai migration began to flow down the Gomal valley to India some two years later, Makhmad drifted back with a 'kirri' or caravan, and returned to Dotani Kot as poor apparently as he had left it. But if the two years had done nothing to improve his fortunes, they had done much for his son. He came back a picture of youth—tall, well set-up, hard as nails with his constant wanderings in the open, features clean and sharp as a hawk's, long curly black locks and a pair of those bright blue turquoise eyes seen at times, if rarely, among Pathans.

On the evening of their return Devi was on her way up from the stream, her watering-pot on her head, held by a shapely arm, and all the youthful grace of her figure accentuated by her pose. As she turned a corner in the village street, she almost collided with Ahmad. Both halted and she caught the gleam in those turquoise eyes. Each passed on, but after a few steps Devi turned, only to find those eyes still bent on her. No word had been spoken, but the mischief was done.

Next day she drove her goats to pasture, but set out a trifle later than usual and took a slightly different route, so that she did not come up with the rest, and then taking her seat on the skyline of a hill watched the grazing goats. Ahmad was even later, and as he came along, rifle on shoulder, with his scanty flock, the girl stood up, looked towards him and dropped down the hill towards a clump of thorn bushes. Ahmad followed, and the consequences were soon the talk of the countryside.

At evening Devi did not take up her water-pot on her return, but as soon as her goats were driven in, slid out of the house, glided quietly along the street to where the resonant voice of the Mulla was calling the faithful to prayer at the tiny village mosque—little more than a platform and a wall of mud—walked firmly in among the little crowd of kneeling worshippers straight to the Mulla, and said: 'I wish to become a Mussulman.'

The Mulla ceased his intonation and asked who she was.

'I am Devi, daughter of Sewa the Hindu, and I wish to become a Mussulman,' she repeated firmly.

The Mulla saw that he had the chance of a lifetime to enhance his reputation for sanctity. Nothing could bring greater notoriety to him than the reputation of having, by his call to prayers alone, won an infidel to the faith.

'Why dost thou wish it?' he asked, and her answer was the echo of his highest hopes.

'I heard thee repeating the "Azan" and the word burnt in my heart. I wish to become a Mussulman.'

'A miracle, my friends, a miracle,' exclaimed the Mulla to the few Pathans assembled; 'behold the might of the Prophet of God!' The beards, grey and black, nodded assent, two turquoise eyes gleamed with satisfaction, and the Mulla continued: 'Say after me, daughter.'

She nodded.

'There is no God but God and Mohammed is his Prophet.'

She repeated the confession of faith and the simple ceremony was over. The daughter of the infidel, of the idol worshipper, had become a follower of the one God! an adherent of the true faith!

The news spread through the village, the crowd increased, the Mulla seized his chance and preached a most eloquent sermon from which all could without difficulty infer the especial sanctity of the doer of the miracle.

Meanwhile Ahmad managed to speak a word to the girl and thereafter she sat on till the congregation dispersed. Then when the Mulla had wrapped up his Koran in its silk cloth and was about to go, she asked, 'But, Mulla-ji, where am I to go? I dare not return to my father: he will kill me.'

'Thou speakest the truth,' said the Mulla, and reflected on the probable anger of his wife at his bringing home a marriageable girl: but he obviously thought that his explanation was good enough and the prospects of larger offerings by the faithful to

his enhanced sanctity would have a soothing effect, for he told the girl to follow him and led the way to his house.

Next morning Ahmad with his father, allured by the prospect of getting for nothing a girl who now could not be considered to have any parents, came to the Mulla to ask for the girl in marriage. Then the row began. The Mulla did not see why he should not get the bride-price, and though he knew that he could not hope for much from Ahmad or his father, replied to their demand, that the girl was his spiritual daughter, that her conversion, which alone made the marriage possible, was due entirely to the miraculous effects of his sanctity, and that a modest sum would be appreciated. Ahmad and Makhmad protested that this was preposterous, that the girl had no parents and wished for the marriage, and the wrangle went on with even louder and louder voices.

In the midst in walked Sewa, who had heard of his daughter's apostasy over night and learnt of her whereabouts in the morning. He knew he had to tread warily. To attempt to reclaim his daughter was too dangerous. His own life would not be worth a minute's purchase if fanaticism were once aroused, but if Devi had become a Mussulman there would be a bride-price to be paid, and his trading instincts bade him make an effort to get it for himself. As he came into the courtyard he heard the priest: 'In the sight of Alla she is my daughter; I take the bride-price.'

Then Makhmad: 'Don't talk nonsense, she is the daughter of Sewa the Hindu, and him she has cast off. There is none to take the bride-price.'

And he cut in: 'Yes, that is truth, she is the daughter of Sewa the Hindu, and he will take the bride-price.'

The disputants turned at the word, stared for a minute, and then both parties began to jeer at him.

'Son of a burnt father, worshipper of idols, thy daughter has become one of the faithful! What hast thou to do with her?'

The dispute waxed louder. The news ran about like wildfire. It spread to the village, to the Wazir villages and 'kots' on the plain, to the 'tahsil,' to the fort. The Dotani 'maliks' joined in, the Wazirs gathered in numbers, many 'maliks' among them, and a few Mahsud 'maliks,' who had come in to see the Political Agent, followed on to see if they could make anything out of it. All started shouting at once, all got more and more angry, and the babel grew.

'She shall be my son's for nothing. She has no father.' So Makhmad.

'She is my daughter and I claim the bride-price.' So Sewa.

'She is mine before God,' repeated the Mulla.

'But the Hindu is a Hindu of our village; he is our "hamsaya," and the bride-price is the right of us "maliks,"' shouted the Dotani headmen.

'But ye Dotanis live under our protection; the bride-price is ours who are "maliks" over you,' retorted the Wazirs.

'And we,' said the Mahsuds, 'are the real "maliks," for Sewa is the son of Rewa of Kaniguram; we are the "maliks" and we take the bride-price.'

The crowd was now filling the whole village street: it grew momentarily in size, argument turned to abuse, tempers rose, rifles were unslung and cartridges rattled into the breeches; the girl was pulled backwards and forwards and her life was in imminent danger, when in swung a troop of mounted infantry from the fort, and in a trice the girl, the 'casus belli,' was seized and carried off, followed by a howling, arguing, excited mob of several hundred riflemen. Once she was safely inside the fort the gates were closed, and the mob told that they could come to talk over the matter quietly in the morning.

In the morning the mob was not so large or so excited, but still considerable and still heated. They were told to sit outside and send in representatives for the discussion. The selection took time, but before very long I had Sewa, Makhmad, two Dotani 'maliks,' three Wazir and two Mahsud 'maliks' before me. As soon as I had grasped the story it was obvious that Sewa was negligible, and so, at any rate for the moment, were Makhmad and Ahmad. If peace was to be kept, the question to be settled was who were the Hindu's 'maliks,' for in the absence of a father they alone could claim the bride-price.

Dotanis, Wazirs, and Mahsuds alike shouted in opposing choruses.

'They're our Hindus, we are their "maliks," we claim the bride-price.'

The dispute seemed interminable and insoluble, and if not solved there was danger with the crowd outside.

Then came a flash of intelligence: the chance seemed worth trying. I bade them stop the wrangle, and when they were quiet I said: 'This is a claim for the bride-price of this once Hindu girl. Her father cannot take it, for she is now a Mohammedan.'

Nods of assent from all except Sewa.

'The Dotanis claim it as "maliks" of Dotanikot, saying Sewa is their "hamsaya."'

The Dotanis assented.

'The Wazirs claim it because the Dotanis live in their country, and they claim to be the "maliks."'

The Wazirs agreed.

'The Mahsuds claim it as the greatest tribe of the Wazirs and because Sewa's father lives among them; therefore they say they are the "maliks."'

The Mahsuds considered this fair.

'But,' I continued, 'there is another claimant whom you haven't thought of and he has to be considered.'

They stared at me, mystified.

'Well,' I asked, 'are you not all under the "Sarkar" (Government)? Is not the "Sarkar" over all of you, Dotanis, Wazirs, and Mahsuds alike?'

Assent again from all, if somewhat reluctant, for they began to see what was coming.

'Then the "Sarkar" is head "malik," and I claim the bride-price for the "Sarkar."'

A moment of silence, then that merry, if evil, fellow Jaggar the Mahsud, who with his party had joined in the row more for the fun than with any real hope of getting anything out of it, burst out laughing.

'Thou hast caught us all, sahib, the bride-price is the right of the "Sarkar"; but though the "Sarkar" take, who will pay?'

'I will pay, for I will take the girl: I have no wife and I want one.'

Sewa and Makhmad didn't seem to think much of this solution, but the Mahsuds, Jaggar again leading, the Wazirs, and the Dotanis obviously thought this at once a very great jest and a very reasonable settlement, and even though no party got the money, the others were not utterly discontented. Their avarice was not satisfied, but they had no cause for jealousy. The atmosphere had changed, and I at once told the Mahsuds, Wazirs, and Dotanis to sit together and fix the amount to be paid for the girl.

This was an ordinary matter of 'jirga' business, and the rate of purchase of a marriageable girl was well known, but they took a considerable time over it, and arguments were hotly bandied to and fro. It was impossible to hear them, but according to later information time was mainly devoted to a discussion as to whether I meant what I had said about taking the girl and in consequence paying the bride-price. It was argued that if they worried me later I might be persuaded to pay the money to one or other of

the claimants, or in alternative to divide it among them. Hence the eventual decision was to fix a very large sum. If I meant what I said this was safe, and if the disputants had to come to a compromise there would be a larger sum to divide. In that division the Mahsuds, out of their own country and hopelessly outnumbered, could not hope for much: in fact anything would be gain for them: they had only been able to push their way into the dispute by their accidental presence on the spot. The two parties with any real claims were the Dotanis and Wazirs. The solution was obvious—double the normal bride-price for the Wazirs and Dotanis to divide and add a trifle over as a solatium for the Mahsuds. And in this way a sum of three hundred rupees was fixed.

I accepted the 'jirga's' decision, whereon the fight over the money recommenced; but saying that they need not begin to fight till the money was paid, I turned them out of the fort, where the news of the decision was greeted as an immense joke by the waiting mob who, ready for murder on the previous evening or even two hours earlier, now dispersed with laughter and jests.

The girl was handed over to the custody of the Tahsildar's wife, and about a month afterwards, when excitement had subsided, at one of the regular 'jirgas' of the local Wazirs and Dotanis I had the girl and her lover produced before me. Ahmad looked handsome but worried, and the girl, obviously still very much in love, glanced at him anxiously when I asked him if he was prepared to pay the three hundred rupees for her. He twiddled his fingers and toes, put one foot on the other, shifted from one leg to another, and the girl's glances grew each moment more and more anxious.

At last he blurted out abruptly: 'I don't want her.'

She hid her face, and I asked him why he no longer wanted her who had given up her faith for him.

'I don't want her. I did want her when I thought I could get her for nothing, but I am not going to pay more than double the rate.'

'Wruk she' (get lost), said I, and the mercenary Romeo slunk out of sight.

The wretched girl remained, without lover, without father, without faith, and yet she had to be disposed of somehow. Sewa, much daring, came forward with a suggestion that she should be handed back to him, but the angry growls of the Wazirs and Dotanis made him desist almost before he had got the words out. Further, to comply with the suggestion would have meant misery and possibly death for the girl. The only solution was a husband, and I asked the assembly if any one would pay the bride-price and take her.

There was a pause; all the young men looked at each other, and the only hope was in the girl's youth and beauty. At last there was a buzz from one corner, and some younger men began to push forward a youth. He shambled bashfully towards my table, a misshapen creature with a foolish face and a hanging lip—an utter contrast to the handsome defaulter Ahmad, but in a far different social and financial class. By his father's death he had just become one of the chief Dotani 'maliks,' and besides his own considerable property had a substantial allowance from Government from which the bride-price could, if need arose, be deducted in instalments.

'Will you take the girl, Jangi Khan?'

He nodded sheepishly.

'Will you pay the fixed price?'

He nodded, more sheepishly, for he knew he would be the butt of many jokes for paying so monstrous and absurd a sum for the Hindu's daughter; but he had made up his mind and meant to have her, and added: 'You can cut it from my "maliki" allowance.'

That made the money safe.

'And will you take him?' I asked the girl.

Ever since he came forward she had been casting glances at him, obviously contrasting his appearance with that of her charmer to his great disadvantage. She glanced again once or twice, and then, with a despondent droop of her head—for she knew her helplessness—she nodded assent.

'Then, till the bride-price is paid, you Wazirs and Dotanis can think over who ought to take it, but now for the wedding,' for I was determined to give all possible éclat to the wedding of the girl who had risked all for love and lost for no fault of her own. The Mulla was sent for, money provided from political funds for a feast, gunpowder was distributed among the assembly, and the Militia pipers hastily summoned. The event was made an occasion, and the whole 'jirga' trooped off escorting the wedding party, guns firing, men shouting and dancing, and high above the din the pipes squealing 'The Cock o' the North.'

So at any rate Devi found a husband and had a grand wedding. The dispute over the bride-price was never settled, but sooner or later there will be an elopement or a murder or both, for, if rumour be true, a pair of turquoise blue eyes have been seen too often near Jangi Khan's 'kot' for his mind to be quite at ease.

L. M. CRUMP.

*KILRATH AND ELSEWHERE :
IRELAND BEFORE THE DAYS OF RAILWAYS.*

MORE than once, when I have been telling a younger generation how we lived in various parts of Ireland before the days of railways, they have said, 'It is a pity you don't jot down the things you tell us; they would interest us and many others—our lives now are so different.' So I will begin with relating some things my father told us. 'R. F.,' as I call him, was Robert Fitzgerald Collis, in his student days Gold Medallist at Trinity College, Dublin. And first, about the fever he had when he was nineteen, which turned his hair snow-white—not grey, but a lovely silky white. He had been left an orphan when about six years old, and he generally spent his holidays at an uncle's in Kerry. There he was taken ill, and his maiden aunt took care of him. One day she had gone down to dinner, leaving him in charge of two women, who, after a little, thought he was dead; so they proceeded to tie up his jaws and pinch his nose, 'to make a purty corpse of him' (he had fine features). Then they began to keen—that is, give the Irish cry for the dead. The people at the dinner-table said, 'Robert is dead.' His aunt answered, 'I am sure he is not,' and she rushed upstairs, drove the women from the room, and untied his jaws and gave him air.

He used to tell us long after that he understood every word the women said, and, had not his aunt come up, he would soon have been smothered. When he was afterwards a clergyman, he used to pray beside the bed of a person seemingly insensible, because, as he said, he knew by his own experience that the mind might be conscious while the body might be past the power of showing any sign of life.

The surgery of those days was rude, for, when his jaws were firmly closed during the fever, they punched his teeth out with an oyster-knife and a hammer in order to feed him.

I think R. F. was ordained about 1814. His first curacy was in the South of Ireland, under a most eccentric rector who did not trouble himself much about the spiritual welfare of his parishioners. He had only one service on Sundays, until R. F. came and began to

have evening service regularly. One Sunday the rector nudged him in the reading-desk and whispered, 'F., give them a holiday and come dine with me.'

The rector was married to a rich lady, who had only her life interest in her money and could not leave it to her husband. She fell when out riding and was picked up insensible, and the husband lamented loudly, not her being hurt, but the probable loss of so many thousands a year!

Some time before R. F. appeared on the scene, Mr. B. gave out in church one Sunday, 'This day I have dismissed my cook, my butler, and my curate.' Another Sunday, while he was preaching, he stopped and asked the congregation to wait patiently for a few moments, as he would not be long away: they concluded he had been taken suddenly ill. After a time he returned and told them that he suspected his housekeeper was robbing him, and he wanted to catch her in the act—then he went on with his sermon.

Another of his vagaries was to ask a party of gentlemen, who had been shooting all day, to come and dine with him. They were very hungry, for, in those days, sportsmen were not treated to the elaborate luncheons they get nowadays. He showed them a trap-door he had beside his chair, through which dinner came up from the kitchen, and they prepared to enjoy a nice hot dinner of a substantial kind—when up came ducks' necks, cooked in every imaginable way; course after course they came, and no more meat did the guests get that day.

I think R. F. was married in 1815, and that he stayed a couple of years longer in that curacy, for his two eldest children were born in that place.

There was a nobleman's family lived there, one member of which was afterwards R. F.'s bishop. Sometimes, when they had visitors staying with them, they would send word to the curate's wife that they were coming to the cottage to lunch. It was an understood thing that the lunch was to be of potatoes and nothing else; they were to be served on a white napkin in a bowl, and nice fresh butter and buttermilk. Now, English readers, don't mock at the buttermilk, for if you have never tasted Irish buttermilk you don't know what a good beverage it is. A little brother of mine, when weak after fever, was two days begging for something: he could not make his nurse understand what he wanted; at last she made out that the child was craving for buttermilk.

R. F. and his wife, finding that they had but little knowledge

of their Bible, used to spend hours daily reading and studying its contents. They had not had much religious education in their youth, as R. F. was early orphaned, and his guardians never troubled themselves to inquire whether he was taught about his duty to God at school; and Mrs. Collis's parents had been Roman Catholics originally, and were but partially instructed themselves. (Mrs. Collis was a Miss Bourke of the elder branch of Lord Mayo's family; as they would not conform the title was given by the English to the younger branch). These considerations made them anxious to teach their children almost from infancy. One boy of five years old I have heard repeat passage after passage of scripture, and part of the Catechism, without a mistake. I myself learned the Catechism from a teacher who was a Presbyterian. It is surprising what a knowledge of the Bible can be got by making a child learn two verses every day and repeat the whole sixty verses once a month without missing a word.

The next curacy R. F. held was in the north, under a very different kind of rector, of whom he always spoke with the greatest affection. He was about eight years in that curacy, and had charge of a separate district and church.

An unmarried clergyman named Augustus Cecil Minchin often came to spend a few days. He was a tall, thin man, addicted to the use of long words. For example, when he wanted to find out whether another clergyman were married or single, he addressed him thus: 'Pray, sir, do you still occupy the anticonnubial niche of desolation?' R. F. was in the habit of calling him by his surname without any prefix. This did not please him, so he said: 'Mr. F., call me not Minchin; it reminds me of vulgar schoolboys. Call me by my Christian name, Augustus—or if you will, call me Gug.' So in speaking of him ever after he was called 'Gug.'

A friend told R. F. that the Roman Catholic priest near them was talking to her one day, when he was on horseback, and complaining of his flock, and said he could get no good of them—they were incorrigible. Lady: 'Did you ever try what the Gospel would do for such people?' The priest, astonished: 'The Gospel!—the Gospel indeed! Cock the likes of them up with the Gospel! This is the Gospel I give them!'—and he flourished his whip, showing how he beat them with it.

It was while my parents lived at Innis that they found our dear old nurse, who lived for forty-five years in our family. She

had never been a servant in her young days : her people were well-to-do ; she had married a turner. They lived in a comfortable two-storied house, well furnished and with plenty of linen, spun by her own hands. There was a great deal of wood being seasoned in the workshop. One night the house took fire and everything in it was burned, except a feather bed which she threw out of the window and jumped down upon. It was thought to be a malicious burning. The turner himself was the sexton of the church, and some things belonging to the church were burned in the house. I can quite remember our nurse buying something that we wanted, years after, and, when we objected to her spending so much of her money, she said she had always wanted to give an equivalent for the things that my father had lost by the fire. My father took the burnt-out couple into his house. The sexton died about two years later, and the widow lived on with us till her death ; she nursed seven of us, and then cooked, and reared calves and young things about the place. We used all to bring a present of a gown or a shawl or something useful to her when we came home, and, without our knowing it she put by most of her wages ; and after her death we found she had made her will, leaving £120 ' to the children she had reared '—stating that she did so because my parents had always given her a home, and had taken her into their house when she had none of her own.

Shortly before her death she went to visit some of her cousins, the nearest relations she had ; she found them in comfortable circumstances, so she left them no money, but gave them a freehold house and a plot of ground that she had bought, meaning to retire to it when she would be unable to work—but we would not let her leave us. After my father's death, my brother wanted my mother to go and live with him in England, but she refused, as, she said, old Sally was too infirm to travel, and she would not leave her to die among comparative strangers. She was a strict Presbyterian, but came to church when not near a Kirk, and on Sunday afternoons out came her big Bible and she read it aloud to the younger servants. All children were fond of her ; it was a pleasant sight to see the infants of the Sunday school round her knee while she taught them. All young animals would run to her. She gave the calves names, and they all knew their names. She would stand at a gate and call one—it would come to be spoken to and caressed ; then send it off and call another. She said they would all have rushed at her and knocked her over if she had not trained them in this way.

Later on R. F. went again to the north as curate. His rector was not very young, and most of the work and nearly all the preaching devolved on the curate. A well-known English clergyman—now dead—came over as tutor to a nobleman's son in the neighbourhood. He described his expectation on coming to Ireland, as if he were coming among a set of barbarians, and his astonishment on the Sunday, when a man with a young face and hair as white as snow got up to preach to a large congregation. R. F. was a fluent speaker; he prepared his sermons very carefully during the week, but preached from notes only. The Methodists in that place changed their hours of service so that they might come to hear him preach. Thirty years later we were touring in Connemara, and met a surveyor, and he recognised my father and said he had often heard him preach.

But I must tell an anecdote about the rector. He had a widowed sister who lived with him. When he was first ordained he had all the services to do alone on Sunday. A woman came to be churched. He fumbled over the Prayer Book, looking for the proper service. At last his eye caught 'Man that is born of a woman,' and he felt sure that must be the right place; so he proceeded to read the Burial Service over the poor woman, till the clerk intervened and handed him the book open at the right place. His sister told us this. She said she was proud of having her brother a clergyman; but when this happened she lay down in the bottom of the pew, she felt so ashamed.

At no time while R. F. was a curate did he get more than £75 a year. He was altogether about seventeen years a curate; so when he was offered a living of £120 a year, with a good house and some land, he accepted it, and we then moved to the borders of the Curragh, about 1831. There was no camp on the Curragh then, only barracks at Newbridge.

He would have done better to have remained a curate, for it was the beginning of the tithe war, and for the three years he was there he got no tithe. Bands of men called Whitefeet went about by night to punish or intimidate men who wished to pay. The Whitefeet were so called because they wore white socks over their shoes so that they might not be tracked by their shoe-marks.

A party of them came to our house one night at twelve o'clock—probably to look for arms—saying they wanted to see the rector, that they had a note for him. R. F. was away from home at the time, so our nurse went up to the hall, but did not open the door,

and she told them her master was asleep and she could not waken him—which, she said afterwards to us, was no lie, for wherever he was he was sure to be asleep at that hour, and how was she to call him, when she did not even know where he was? There was a sunken fence to the house, and she bade the men go round and she would take the note from them at the drawing-room window with a pair of tongs. Another night they came to the gate lodge, where a lame old man lived rent free. They said they were going up to the big house to get bacon. The poor man said he would give them a month's lodging if they would not go to frighten the lady, who was near her confinement. The men dared not sleep in their own houses for fear of the police, who were on the look-out for them. The old man said it was fearful to hear them talk of the things they had done and meant to do. A party of four actually slept in our yard for weeks, as they felt sure the police would not go there to look for them. There was a loft over the cowhouse close to the yard wall, which was a high one. One of them used to come to reconnoitre about nine o'clock, and, if no one was about, would whistle softly for the others, and they would climb the wall and sleep on the hay in the loft.

In those days a caravan used to start for Dublin about 6.30 A.M. from a town three miles off, so if anyone had occasion to go to Dublin, he had to be up at five and get his breakfast. The loft was opposite the dairy, and, as the men watched Nurse going in and out for milk and butter, she heard one of them say that 'the big woman had more courage than anyone about the place, for she knew they were there and could easily shoot her from the loft.' She had known for a month that they were there, but had not told anyone: for she thought that as long as they were let stay they were a protection against worse coming. There were often signal fires on the hills around at night to show where they were to gather for drilling, just as there were later on in Fenian times; one night we counted fourteen fires from our hall-door steps, one on a rise just outside our gate.

One time, when R. F. had to go from home, he got our ploughman's son to sleep in the house for protection for us. He was a Roman Catholic. At that time Dan O'Connell wanted to ascertain whether he could send a message from Dublin to Cork in a shorter time than the mail coach took. Accordingly he had a sod of turf blessed by a priest. It was to be given to a man who was to run with it to the next house, and the man there to run instantly to the

neighbour next beyond with it, and so on all the way to Cork. The sod was brought to our house at one o'clock in the morning, and Martin Ivory, our protector, had to get up and run with it half a mile to his father's house. After that we thought we were better without such protectors.

There was boycotting in those days, only not called by that name. The man who sold us turf—or peat for fires—was warned not to sell any more to us. So our man used to take our cart and horse to the bog, take the turf, and deposit the price under a stone agreed upon between him and the owner of the turf. After a few times the Whitefeet found out our plan, and threatened to burn the horse and cart and beat the man.

There was a very violent gentleman who lived near our church, which was two miles from our house. He was always stirring up the people to resist paying tithes, and went by the name of 'Starve the Parsons R.,' that being his theme. After a time the Lord-Lieutenant took this man's house. One Monday an aide-de-camp was seen riding up to our house with a note asking R. F. to go to His Excellency. It seems the Lord-Lieutenant was not pleased at something R. F. had said in his sermon, and took him to task for it. The answer was, 'I simply stated a fact.' He was then put through a catechism as to his opinions on various subjects, and chiefly as regarded his attitude towards the Board of National Education in Ireland.—For the benefit of English readers, I must state that the National schools in Ireland differed from those in England. The Bible was not allowed to be read in them, only certain extracts; a committee, consisting of Churchmen, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and Unitarians, chose the extracts, so that nothing any of these bodies objected to could be taught to the children. For years there was no promotion for any Irish clergyman who would not join the Board schools. R. F.'s first cousin was at this time Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was naturally anxious that R. F. should get promotion. There was a vacant Bishopric, and it was a matter of discussion as to which, R. F. or another cousin, should get it. It was given to the one who favoured National Education. This Lord-Lieutenant made up his mind that, if he could hinder it, Mr. Collis should never get promotion. About twenty years later our Bishop, an old friend of R. F., was about to make him Archdeacon, when a peremptory order came to him from Lord — that on no account was he to give it to Mr. Collis, and naming another person he wished to be Archdeacon. I have the

Bishop's letter telling my father what I have stated, and saying he had written to my father, but was sorry he had not posted the letter before Lord ——'s letter came.

Some of the clergy formed themselves into a Home Mission. A clergyman would leave home on a Monday and go a certain round, preaching twice and often three times a day for a fortnight, one of the Mission clergy taking the Sunday duty for the one who was out. They were given a list of houses where hospitality would be shown them, failing which they had to go to an inn. I think this Mission was carried on for some years through the east and part of the north of Ireland. I do not remember R. F.'s going to the south or west. They held lectures in cottages in many parishes, and many who were careless about attending church would come to hear an itinerating clergyman.

My father did not like controversy. He always said, 'Teach them the truth, and error will disappear; but don't set their backs up by attacking roughly what they believe.' Still he did not hesitate to speak quietly to anyone who, he thought, held false doctrine. On looking over his library, I noticed how many of his books were on the subject of our Lord's Divinity, and I asked him why he had so many on that one subject, and he said because, when he went to the north of Ireland, he had found that so many of the Presbyterians had drifted into Unitarianism, and he had found it necessary to try to convince them of their error.

At last R. F. was offered a better living. He had been south, north, and east, and now he was to go to the west. He had come from beautiful Kerry, with its woods and lakes and mountains, and its beautiful half-Spanish peasantry, with their dark hair and lovely long-lashed eyes, and he was to spend the rest of his days in an ugly flat country, almost devoid of trees, among an uncivilised race whose language was strange to him, for they talked Irish among themselves, although many of them spoke to us in English. We drove down, three days' journey on an Irish car, meeting droves of very small men carrying reaping-hooks, on their way to reap the harvest in England. We found later on that it was the custom for these men to shut their cabins up during July and August and turn their families out to beg till they returned from England, by which time their potatoes were fit for digging. July was a month in which they had a scarcity of food, as the old crop of potatoes was nearly exhausted. During the famine time one woman said to me, 'It is like having July all the year round, only worse.'

In the parish we went to there were few resident landlords on the large estates; some small squireens there were, most of them so impecunious that they went by the name of Sunday-men—that meant that they dare not go out on any day but Sunday for fear of being taken up and put in jail for debt. One Sunday-man was always so well mounted that no one could catch him if he was on horseback. These men and their forefathers had hunted and drunk and kept open house till their lands were mortgaged and they were unable to pay. There was an enormous population at that time, with no one able to employ more than a few labourers. Most of the men had about a rood of ground, on the produce of which they lived; a few had more and could keep a horse for hire, or they had the grazing of a cow allowed them by the landlord; but there was no possibility of their attaining to anything better—the money from the great estates was chiefly spent in England. The land was not half cultivated, and weeds were as thick as potatoes in the men's fields; they sat and smoked by the fireside instead of making the best of the land they had. The women were more industrious: they reared poultry, and most of them could spin and knit. They all went barefoot except on Sundays and market days. On these last you would see the women trotting in with fowls and eggs for market, shoes and stockings in their hands; when about half a mile from market they would sit down by the roadside and put the shoes on. With what they would get for eggs they would buy some salt herrings to eat with their potatoes. If times were bad, only one herring would be cooked and put in the middle of the table for the children to rub their potatoes against and get the flavour of the herring; at the end of the meal it would be divided equally among those present. This was called having 'potatoes and point,' and was considered a luxury, as they generally only had salt with their potatoes.

I think there had been only one resident rector before our time. One rector had a union of five livings, and drove out on Sundays for one service. He lived twelve English miles from his church. After his incumbency the union was divided: two parishes and the church were given to one rector, and R. F.'s part was three parishes and no church. These parishes were about fifteen miles from end to end, but a great deal of the land was grazing land, and the population chiefly Roman Catholics. The Church population was 120. There was a large room in the village which had once been a ballroom and after that a police barrack, and this was

fitted up for Divine service. After some years and a great deal of obstruction, we got a church built near our house ; it was the centre parish of the three.

We found the people very pleasant to live among. We were the only resident gentry, and they came to us like children, telling us all their joys and sorrows, their cares and their illnesses, much as the West Indian slaves used to do when under kind masters. They were docile and affectionate, thankful for any kindness shown them—would kiss your hand and shower blessings upon you if you did anything for them. One old woman we used to call ‘The Heavens,’ for she always prayed that the heavens might be our bed. They had a nice custom, when coming into another person’s house, of stopping on the threshold and saying, ‘God save all here!’ One woman who was given a flannel petticoat hoped it would be in Purgatory before us. We asked what she meant. ‘Oh, miss, when you come to Purgatory one of the saints will be holding the petticoat, and will lay it down for you to walk on, so that the fire will not burn you.’ They were quite ignorant, but religious according to their light, and full of superstitions. There had never been a school within miles of the place since the monks had left the abbey some seventy years before. Only a few who had shops could read or write. Part of the New Testament was read to them. They learned the Creed, the Lord’s Prayer, and the twentieth chapter of Exodus—we did not call this the Ten Commandments, for a sufficient reason, viz. that their Catechism as then taught omitted the second Commandment and divided the tenth into two.

Most of the children were as ignorant as heathen. A few knew the Lord’s Prayer and the ‘Hail, Mary!’ but some did not know our Lord’s name; ‘had heard about the Blessed Virgin but did not know who she was.’ One woman who wanted to be very complimentary said to my sister, ‘You are a better virgin to me than the Virgin Mary.’ They attended Mass on Sundays—that is, some went into the chapel, which was roofless; the rest stood in the chapel yard and thought that sufficient, as they got sprinkled with holy water. Some went to Confession at Easter and Christmas. One woman told Father John that she sent her children to school, and was it any harm? The priest asked, ‘Have they the Bible there?’ ‘Oh no, your Reverence, only the Testament.’ ‘Oh well, my good woman, as long as the Bible is not there you may send them.’ This is a fact. During all the years we were in that parish we

kept a free school for any who chose to come and learn. Sometimes we had as many as sixty children, and often only one. The priest that succeeded Father John was not so lenient. He would go into our school, whip in hand, and drive out the poor children. In a few days they would steal back again. He went to one house and asked the woman why she sent her children to that heretic school. 'I don't send them, your Reverence.' 'But I saw them there.' 'Sure, what can I do, your Reverence, when the young lady walks in here and says nothing to me, but takes the childer by the hand and walks off with them to school?' Then his Reverence next Sunday would warn the people against the recruiting sergeant (my sister Maria) and the drill sergeant who taught in the school.

Sometimes, when the priest was too hard on the children, we moved the schoolmaster to another part of the parish, sending a boy to board with him lest he should feel it too lonely. After the famine we used to give the children a good meal of Indian meal porridge before going home. They would come five or six miles for the sake of the food.

One of the boys who came to our school was so promising that we sent him to live in another parish where there was a more efficient school; boys there were trained to try to pass an examination and get into a higher-class school, that they might be enabled to rise in life. They were taught Latin if they wished. The boy I speak of worked on till he was able to enter Trinity College, Dublin, and he is now a clergyman in the Irish Church; and he is not the only one who was ordained after passing through the same schools.

One time, when the priest had nearly emptied the school, Maria used to go to a cottage on the Saturday afternoons and gather a few children round her and teach them by word of mouth. No books were used, for fear some one would come in and find she was teaching and tell the priest. The children learned their verses and hymns, and she talked to them, and when they were leaving she lent each of them a little penny story book. She observed a policeman on the watch, and as soon as the children had left he beckoned them and took all their books and pocketed them. This he did several Saturdays, and she thought he was going to give them to the priest, and then the children would be forbidden to come; but it turned out that the man wanted to read them himself.

But the good days passed after we grew up and scattered, and death came. One morning in the end of July—1847, I think—

everyone as they came down asked what was the cause of the horrible smell. Then they came in and said our potatoes were all withered and black, and the smell came from them. There had been the promise of an unusually fine crop a few days before. Soon we heard that the potatoes had gone black all over the country. The poor people had no food left but a little oatmeal. At once we opened a soup kitchen, and friends sent us money to help feed our poor neighbours; but after a few weeks the oatmeal was gone and they had to depend entirely on what we could procure for them.

Our difficulty was how to get the food. Remember, we had no railways: all food had to come by cart or canal boat, and we were eight miles from the canal terminus, and the population very thick on the ground.

Government works were started and the men put to work on the roads: poor creatures, many of them ill with diarrhoea and hardly able to drag themselves about. We closed the school and set the wooden-legged schoolmaster to boil a huge copper of Indian meal porridge and turnips cut up in it, and with this we fed thirty of the poorest every morning. It was our first introduction to what the people called the 'yellow meal' (Indian corn). We had Government directions to give the turnips with it. Those who had fed entirely hitherto on potatoes had their stomachs so distended that they suffered great pain when the other food they got was not sufficiently bulky to fill the vacuum, so the turnips were added to give bulk to the meal. So far some of them had a little money and could buy in the town something for themselves.

Our horses went in once a week and brought out £20 worth of meal, which was sold in the village, and saved the people eight miles' walk to the town and back. Another day the horses went six miles and brought a ton of barley or rye meal, which we sold to the men who worked on the roads at *less* than cost price. The Quakers were most liberal, and sent us money and sacks of ships' biscuit and rice. Unfortunately the money had to be under the power of the Roman Catholic priest as well as the rector. The rector and R.C. priest took it in turn on alternate Saturdays to go into the market and buy the £20 worth of meal for the store in the village. One Saturday the priest took the £20 and paid his rent with it! He owed two years' rent, and the agent was going to sell his cow if he had not brought the money. R. F. told the Quakers about it, and they said they could give no more money, and the store had to be closed. This is a fact. When the

famine was going on, friends in England were most liberal. One family used no sugar or cakes or puddings and transmitted to us all their savings. One of my uncles took my young sister and other nieces to live in Dublin during the winter, and, finding that people did not support the confectioners, he used to send his young nieces to a confectioner's to lunch every day.

Sermons were preached and collections made in England. My brother, Dr. John Day Collis, was at that time Headmaster of Bromsgrove School. He had been taught by Dr. Arnold at Rugby. His butler brought him £1 one day and asked him to send it to us. Others gave us money to employ the women in knitting and spinning. All our time was devoted to feeding and working to get food for the poor creatures. Those who could not give money sold work for us. It took a great deal of time to keep the accounts of the various funds sent to us separate. We turned out the furniture from our hall and kept biscuits and rice there to be at hand. There were often twenty people waiting when we came down in the morning, and we sat with the blinds down, going every half-hour to the door to give out flour and medicine. I had one pound of rice cooked every morning to show the size it ought to be when properly cooked. They had never seen rice before, and did not think at first one pound sufficient for a meal for a family. We were sent down directions how to prepare rice for the sick, with a certain quantity of laudanum and a kind of coarse cinnamon.

I was writing to a friend one day when we heard a laugh. My mother and I were quite startled, and thought some one had gone mad, as it was months since anyone had laughed. It was a little child in its mother's arms. I told this to my friend, and she told it to a clergyman who was to preach for the famine fund next day, and this anecdote brought the state we were in more home to the audience, and a large collection was the consequence. After a time things got too serious to be met by private relief, and Government took it in hand; but first a census of the parish had to be made, and men were appointed to take it.

As it might be weeks before the man could come to take our census, we asked if we might do it ourselves and so hasten to get relief for our poor neighbours, and they said we might and sent us the forms. My brother and I used to start out about ten o'clock every morning and work till seven, our food being a large ships' biscuit each. We had to enter the names, ages, and sex of everyone in each house, what land and cattle they had, whether it was arable

or grass land, what occupation, etc. I questioned while my brother wrote, and in this manner we did about sixty houses a day. We found the most miserable huts where people had squatted on the edge of a bog and reclaimed a plot for growing potatoes. At one place two huts had been put up at the back of a ditch, and, being roofed with sods, we did not see they were human habitations till we had walked over them. By doing the census ourselves we got the Government relief quite a month before some of the neighbouring parishes. I am thankful to say that no one belonging to our parish died of starvation; but it was no uncommon sight to see children of twelve or older come from distant places on their parents' backs, unable to stand or walk.

We had to be very careful in giving food to strangers, as some used to faint on the hall door-steps when they got food after long fasting. As to our own food during that time, we had no white bread or butter; our dinner was often of rye meal bread and a poor kind of cocoa. The people called the rye meal 'gypsy meal,' as it came from Egypt. To this day I remember the smell and taste of Nile mud in it. Some days we had one large mutton chop put into a large pot of rice to flavour it, and that was our dinner. We were a whole year without tasting white bread. One brother was at Trinity College, Dublin, and there was a great debate as to whether he should come home; but that would have been such a pity that R. F. sold his flock of sheep and kept him at college. The tithes went to pay the poor-rate, which was about eighteen shillings in the pound with us. The people were the colour of corpses, and smelt like them. Not many years ago there was talk of a famine in Ireland, but the people had not the ghastly look of it; besides, there never can be such a difficulty of getting the food-stuffs now there are railways. We had to drive to different parts of the parish every few days to make sure that the food was properly distributed, and you would see the people seated each side of the road for half a mile, waiting so patiently till the carts would come with the meal. Their patience often surprised me—it was like that of a sick child who was too weak to cry or exert itself.

The second year was almost worse, for fever broke out and many of the doctors and clergy took it and died. Many of our poor died then; the workhouses were crowded. In the town near us nineteen extra houses and stores were required, and whole families died in the workhouse. The third year cholera broke out. A field

was taken and built round with high walls, and a large grave dug every day and filled at night with the dead bodies of those whom the cholera had carried off.

One good resulted from the famine: it obliged many of the absentee landlords to return and look after their people. And when many landlords were bankrupt and obliged to sell in the Encumbered Estates Courts, we got a very different class of men, who were resident, and improved their estates and gave employment to the poor labourers who had survived. The men, too, got better wages and better food. The old rate of payment for labour was eightpence a day in summer and fourpence in winter, but then their food was cheap in proportion.

For a few years, as you drove about the country, you would come on the unroofed remains of the houses whose inhabitants had died in the workhouse or emigrated. For as many as could scrape together enough money to pay their passage went to America. There, as soon as they had earned a little, money would be sent home to help their parents or to bring a brother or a sister out.

The Irish are always kind to their parents and their own family. We reared an orphan boy and girl, and as soon as they were old enough to emigrate an uncle sent money to the R.C. priest to send them out. This money the priest appropriated to his own use. Then the uncle sent a similar sum to R. F.'s care, and the children were sent out. I daresay the priests were very badly off then, for there were no marriages, and they make a good deal at marriages when a plate goes round and every one present is expected to give silver; also, most of those who died had no masses said for their souls, as the survivors had no money to pay for them, and that is a great source of revenue for the priests. One very poor widow came to consult our Presbyterian nurse. She said she had only ten shillings after her husband was buried, and she was puzzled as to what she was to do—her cart wanted a new wheel, and she could not work her farm without a cart; but then her husband was in purgatory, and the priest wanted ten shillings for masses to get him out of it. Which ought she to do—mend the cart or get Pat out of purgatory at once? So it was suggested that the cartwheel was the most urgent need, as it could help earn money, and once she had earned it she could do as she liked with the earnings.

MARGARET COLLIS.

BUMBLEFOOT.

BY HUMFREY JORDAN.

BUMBLEFOOT was an odd-job elephant, not large even as Burmese elephants go, but a useful medium size and, except for his bumble leg, a likely animal. Having objected more strongly than most of his kind to the process of breaking in, he had managed, during that process, to fracture his near foreleg below the knee. Ultimately the broken bone had mended itself and the elephant had again four serviceable legs ; but a decent surgeon would not have looked upon the result with pleasure. Where the fracture had been there developed an immense bony thickening, which caused the beast to walk with his knee always slightly bent and prevented him from putting the whole of his foot flat to the ground. Limping on the toes of his left forefoot, carrying below his bent knee his large unsightly lump, he had something of the gait of a club-footed man—a circumstance which, in due course, led to his acquiring the name by which he was ultimately known.

In the ordinary way the great beast would have passed from his training school into government service, or into that of one of the great companies, where routine would have planned the long years of his working life, where he would have been inspected and tended under fixed rules, where riders who neglected him or treated him badly would have been fined or punished for their incompetence. His unsightly leg, however, barred him from this life of ease and regularity. Although, when he had recovered from his injury, he was strong and able to do a full day's work quite up to the standard of other elephants, he was blemished and much of his value had gone. So a Karen, who combined elephant owning and a close attention to the possibilities of a missionary convert, bought him ; and he became a general utility beast beyond the reach of inspections and careful treatment.

Of his infancy and his slow growth to maturity nothing is known to man. Of the decade and a half, from the moment when as a strange, clumsy, yard-high baby he had first suckled his mother to the time when man made him a life captive, the history is only known to his companions in the herd and, in episodes and

encounters, to those other inhabitants of the vast forests in which he roamed, inhabitants who sought to prey upon him or flee from him according to their size and nature. For the country where he was born and lived his years of freedom is virgin, still unknown and still unused by man, a huge area of precipitous hills and narrow valleys, of few rivers and of many streams, dry beds in the hot weather, raging torrents in the rains, a pathless land wholly covered, ridge, crest and valley, with a complete garment of great trees, tangled creepers, and the prodigality of vegetation that is a tropical forest. Men have mapped this country, have defined an imaginary line through it and called that line the frontier to Siam ; there are forest officers who claim to know something of it, and traders, seeking timber and minerals, who actually do know little spaces in it ; there are wild men, dacoits, outcasts who flee to it to escape from the anger of their fellows, who return from it or die in it as fate decrees ; but for the most part man does not live there, there are no villages, the paths are the paths of beasts, and the life of the jungle is unknown and unrecorded. Here Bumblefoot, son of the mightiest of the jungle's inhabitants, was born, and here he learned his junglecraft. Wandering with his herd, at first carefully protected and guarded, growing very slowly, he acquired strength and knowledge and, his subsequent career forces one to assume, a reasonable degree of self-assertion. Feeding wastefully and extravagantly after the manner of his kind, his enormous ears flapping as he tore down branches, sampled them and passed on to something new, he would be on the look-out for danger, a restless, alert, suspicious beast, expecting trouble at all times and ready, when it came, to take his assigned place in the movements of his herd. He must have witnessed many battles, taken part in several, become acquainted with violence and death. Protected from human interference by the inaccessibility of his home, he must have watched, as every-day events, sights which men will suffer much to see. The ways of the other inhabitants of the jungle were known to him. He enjoyed or suffered the seasons of the year, working hard for sustenance during the days when the burning heat of the sun penetrated almost to the depths of the interwoven vegetation, when the small streams were dry and bathing and watering were necessities for which he must labour hard, content and probably playful when the rains brought water in abundance and the bamboos shot green and succulent. Sex would stir in him ; he would experience desire, wooing, attainment ; living his

life in a herd he would meet rivalry and disappointment as well. Of man, a small, puny animal, but cunning, he knew nothing. Other beasts and birds and reptiles innumerable he knew, but not this creature who avoided the virgin places where he lived.

Then, wandering one day with his fellows on the outskirts of his country, he encountered the brutes, many of them. He let himself be driven to a panic by these strange creatures, harried and terrified until in a wild stampede he charged ahead without due thought, careless of the movements of his fellows, seeking escape blindly. He found great ramparts, a stockade he could neither pass nor destroy, closing him in on either side. He was still driven. He knew that elephants were ahead of him somewhere; having lost his companions he charged for the others, strangers perhaps, but of his kind. He saw an opening in the stockade and made for it. So the jaws of the Keddah closed on him; and man took from him, for ever, his liberty and the life of his virgin home.

Of Bumblefoot in the Keddah and during the beginning of his training, there is only the slenderest record. He was difficult, that is certain. Defying the placid, time-ignoring habit of the land of his birth, he resorted to violence and fury. When he was tied up, fore and aft, between two trees in order that he might learn the greatness of man's power, and learning it have his spirit broken, he resisted the business madly and only succeeded in breaking his leg. That did him no good, but the business of persuading him to acknowledge man as his master still went on. Eventually he yielded; grudgingly, sullenly, a limping creature much depreciated in value, he accepted defeat, and became the property of the Karen, Kyaw-myun, who purchased him for less even than he was worth. During the first season of his apprenticeship to the timber trade he was obstinate, unwilling, inclined to be vicious. But the Karen, Kyaw-myun, was then young and ambitious and he had staked much capital, hardly borrowed from his relations, in the purchase of the beast. So he kept Bumblefoot to his work, determined to make something of him, since financial ruin, the finish of peace in family life, and the death of his ambitions was the alternative. He forced the beast to work right into the hot weather, when more valuable and more tractable elephants were enjoying their yearly rest. Bumblefoot objected; hauling and pushing logs up and down precipitous and tortuous jungle tracks grew more and more distasteful to him. One blazing morning

he revolted. Something of the violence and fury of his first days of captivity returned to him and he did his best to kill Kyaw-myun who was riding him. Although he hurt the man, he did not succeed. Also, he paid for his moment of revolt. What Kyaw-myun did to him is not known ; for the man was alone with the beast when he did it. But Bumblefoot was brought to heel. From that day on the elephant forswore revolt. He did the work men told him to do, when they told him to do it. His tiny eyes were always sullen, he was never a happy worker, but thenceforward he answered the commands of the men who rode him. During that unknown encounter in the jungle between him and Kyaw-myun something had happened to produce in him the proper captive spirit ; he was thereafter broken to his chains.

Yet Kyaw-myun did not ride the beast again. After that scene in the jungle in the hot weather, when happier elephants were resting, he demonstrated that the creature's stubborn spirit was at last broken, and he handed him over to be ridden by a relative who owed him money. Subsequently, as Kyaw-myun rose, by natural financial ability and judicious use of the mission, to a position of dignity and affluence, he would often cite the case of Bumblefoot to prove to supercilious Europeans that he was a notable elephant master. Yet he never told a white man what he did to the beast, and he never rode the elephant again.

Twenty years after the incident in the jungle Kyaw-myun was the chief lay prop of the mission in his district and had acquired a controlling interest in practically all the elephants not owned by government or the big companies. If a trader, seeking to hire an elephant, happened to be on bad terms with the missionaries, it was possible that Kyaw-myun might refuse to let him have a beast at all ; if, however, under the circumstances he did let the trader have one, it was certain he would raise the price of hire considerably. On the other hand, if the trader had quarrelled with Kyaw-myun, he would have to approach the missionaries to get them to intercede for him ; and then again the price of hire would go up. So, since eventually most of the traders quarrelled with him or with the missionaries, there was continual profit in the business for Kyaw-myun. Where the mission scored records do not say. But Kyaw-myun built himself a fine bungalow in the only town in his wide district and another up the main river nearer to the source of his affluence ; and into each of them he imported certain depressing reproductions of European furniture, elaborate brass

bedsteads, and a harmonium. He had long before discarded a lungi for garments more suitable to the pillar of a mission, normally arraying himself in a singlet and black alpaca trousers with a white topee on his head and violent yellow shoes on his feet; and on state occasions he covered the singlet with a brilliant blue blazer and exchanged the yellow shoes for a pair of patent leather. He was an excellent man of business and very industrious in driving hard bargains, but wisely believed in suitable recreation. At the hour of sundown, when white men were ordering drinks, and in the Buddhist monasteries dogs howled for the surplus food from the begging bowls, he would settle, with his household around him, to the harmonium and drown the noise of hungry pariahs with a nasal droning of hymns. And through all these years of increasing prosperity and expanding dignity Bumblefoot continued to work for him, a blemished creature of no great value, thoroughly used and trained to captivity, who on account of his blemishes and his small value need not be so carefully considered as other elephants, a beast to be used for odd jobs and for long hours.

Towards the end of the twentieth working season of his captive life, when the weather was warming up considerably, Bumblefoot finished a job of hauling parts of machinery to a tin mine in the jungle. It was a hard job, the drags were long and the country difficult. But he was kept at it at full pressure; and when he had finished it he was obviously tired, more sullen and sulky than usual, moreover he had acquired one nasty sore on his back, where his crude and ill-fitting gear had galled him. He never had very careful or skilled riders, because, being difficult and unwilling, he was unpopular, and also because it would clearly have been false economy on the part of an astute Karen to waste the best material available on a beast of, comparatively, such little value. Consequently, Bumblefoot suffered not only from overwork but from want of proper care. Yet, when he had finished the machinery hauling, he did get a day or two of rest, and wandered in partial freedom in the jungle, idling and feeding wastefully.

The machinery hauling job had been done on a contract price, calculated on the number of days a normally worked elephant would take to complete it. By cutting down Bumblefoot's daily noon-time rest to a bare minimum, by driving him to the utmost while he was at work, Kyaw-myun had managed to save three days' clear hire over the normal calculation, which pleased him considerably. But, being a careful man as regards his own

property, he was glad to think when he inspected the elephant after the job was finished, that the necessities of his business might permit him to give the beast a week's rest. Seven days of idleness would enable the creature to be put on to another high pressure job without serious danger to his health, even though the weather was warming up and the season for heavy work already past. So, when he returned to his bungalow in the town of Sin Byu, to the harmonium and the hymn droning and the society of white missionaries, Kyaw-myun was not well pleased to get an urgent demand for Bumblefoot's services. But being an Oriental man of business, beside whom a Jew of Aberdeen would appear careless about a bargain, he saw much chance of profit in the demand. For it was made by two white traders, Wharton and Lathom, partners in a precarious timber enterprise, who both disliked the missionaries and were inclined to say so. Kyaw-myun, having a relative as head clerk in the partners' office, knew much about their business. He knew that they had contracted to ship a consignment of logs by a certain boat, that the logs were lying at their depôt up river, adjacent to his own bungalow, that unless they were hauled into the stream and rafted within ten days they could not possibly catch the boat. He also knew that to default on the contract would mean something like ruin to the partners. So, although he recognised that it would be putting a considerable strain on Bumblefoot's physique, he determined that the beast would have to do the job. But he let two days go by before he would admit that he had an elephant available.

Wharton and Lathom approached the missionaries, asking them to use their influence with Kyaw-myun. The missionaries denied having any influence in business matters, but hinted that if they had had any they would not have used it. Kyaw-myun heard of the interview; visited the missionaries as a good convert and a stanch hymn singer frequently should; and let another day go by. Growing anxiety as to the safety of their contract would, he was aware, react favourably on the price which the partners would pay for elephant hire. Then, when he had fomented anxiety to the right pitch, he called upon the partners in their office, standing before them obsequiously, wearing his blue blazer and his patent leather shoes, his English careful and clipt, his Mongolian countenance a mask of deference; and he drove an outrageous bargain. Naturally he must have an advance payment, but being a lover of white men and a true Christian he would take no other

payment until the logs were floated by the date agreed upon. If, through the fault of his elephant or its rider, all the logs were not floated in time, payment would not go beyond the advance. The amount of the final payment made the partners think hardly of missionary converts, but they clinched the bargain. Kyaw-myun was satisfied. That evening at sundown he led, with gusto, his household in the droning of 'Abide with me.' But he had fomented anxiety for three days. Consequently, Bumblefoot did get three days' rest when he ought to have got a week, but the delay meant that he had a forced march in front of him instead of an easy journey, and that he must, therefore, arrive tired to do a hard job against time. Yet these things must happen when the swallowing of an iniquitous charge has to be forced.

Having sealed the outrageous bargain, Wharton and Lathom took no chances. They left that afternoon, by launch, for their depôt, and moved on next day at dawn into the jungle, seeking the elephant for themselves where he was reported to be. They realised that Kyaw-myun would quite probably make delays, so that in fear of failing to make the shipment they might be induced to scrap the outrageous bargain and agree to a worse.

Lathom's wife went with them, preferring the chance of a shot at something in the jungle to lonely idleness in the primitive bungalow at the depôt; and it was she who named the elephant, Bumblefoot, when at last they found him.

By the time the party left the launch and set out on foot through the forest of vast trees and tangled creepers the sun was getting high; and it took them three hours of hard going up and down the sides of steep valleys, scrambling and climbing to the accompaniment of the siren hooting of unseen gibbons, before they picked up the elephant's tracks. It was another hour before the smell of the beast and the sound of his kalouk below them in the direction of a stream assured them that the search was finished. Dripping, their thin clothes clinging to them, they lowered themselves, hanging on to creepers and to saplings, down a precipitous hillside. A hundred feet and more above their heads the leaves and branches of mighty trees shut out the sunlight, so that they scrambled in dim shade that was not cool. When they reached the bottom of the valley and heard ahead of them the splashing of a great beast bathing, they halted to recover their breath; and Mrs. Lathom, fanning herself with a large tirai, voiced her thoughts.

'At home sometimes,' she declared, 'I've given as much as

a bob at a time to a missionary collection in church. It makes me ill to think of it now. They're a public nuisance and ought to be suppressed.'

There being no opposition to, or surprise at, this statement, the party moved on to the stream.

In a pool amongst great boulders, flecked with patches of blinding sunlight, in a setting of extravagant beauty, the elephant was enjoying himself. With his driver perched on his neck, he had squatted in the water until only his great head and his huge flapping ears appeared above the surface. His tiny eyes blinking in content, he played with the water with his trunk and blew luxuriously. Prolonged hours of ease and enjoyment did not often come his way, and he seemed intent to make the most of a rare idleness. At the sound of the approach of white people his ears stopped flapping and his small eyes became alert and suspicious. His rider, giving no sign that the new arrivals aroused any interest in him, spat a red stream of betel-nut juice on to the beast's head and spoke to him soothingly; but the elephant ignored his speech, refusing to continue his idle amusement in face of prying strangers. Blowing and grumbling, he extracted his enormous bulk from the water, turned his back on the newcomers and, presenting something of the appearance of an old man in slack grey trousers, waddled heavily out of the pool on the farther side. There he remained facing the strangers, his unimpressive tail going like a pendulum, his ears still, his trunk feeling the air, his eyes ruminative and non-committal.

And Mrs. Lathom, seeing his blemished leg, named him promptly.

'Look at his near foreleg,' she demanded. 'His waddle reminds me of someone. I know—of course. Why, he's like Bumblefoot Roger, the club-footed hawker and poacher at home. Isn't he?'

Lathom agreed that he was; so West-country vernacular was applied, thenceforth, to an Oriental captive.

But Wharton, although he accepted the name without objection, was mostly concerned with Bumblefoot's condition. A lover of elephants, he expressed his views on the matter with vigour.

'That swine Kyaw-myun ought to be prevented from owning any elephants,' he declared. 'Look at that sore. Look at the poor beast's condition. If the missionaries would teach their infernal converts elementary kindness to animals instead of hymn singing they might go nearer to deserving the princely subscrip-

tions you and other people are foolish enough to give them, Mrs. Lathom.'

'I didn't know when I used to give my shillings,' Mrs. Lathom pleaded. 'I swear I'll never do it again. Lord, the old fellow is poor.'

'And,' Lathom reminded them, 'we've got to work him all out. We can't get another, and we simply can't afford to be humane. He has got to move straight off from here and work like blazes when he gets to the dépôt. Poor old Bumblefoot.'

'Yes,' Wharton agreed, 'we can't afford to let the poor beast rest. It's pretty brutal, though. My sacred aunt, I'd like to see Kyaw-myun made to pay for this.'

And he called to the rider to bring Bumblefoot across the stream.

The great beast came slowly and unwillingly, foreseeing probably that his short rest was ended. He did not like the white strangers and he did not trouble to disguise the fact. As he arrived on the near bank of the stream Wharton spoke to him in Karen, but his small eyes remained suspicious and unfriendly and his ears still. As he passed Mrs. Lathom he paused, put his trunk slowly into his mouth, extracted it with extreme rapidity, and sprayed saliva over the lady.

Mrs. Lathom stepped back hurriedly out of reach of a second attack, and wiped her face with an already damp handkerchief.

'I'm afraid,' she said, 'his manners aren't too good. I expect he wants a bit of knowing. Anyhow, you can't expect him to love human beings. But I fancy that he has got character. Phew! he does smell.'

Bumblefoot, however, commenced his forced march without indicating that he cared whether he had well-wishers or not.

Travelling the whole way by devious paths and tracks through the jungle forest, he arrived at the dépôt about sundown on the third day, with four clear days ahead of him in which to complete work which normally would take a good five or more. As he was turned out for the night to feed and sleep and rest there came from across the broad, muddy river the sound of hymn tunes, droned nasally. Kyaw-myun had arrived at his bungalow to see that the outrageous bargain, or a worse, was achieved.

The dépôt where Wharton and Lathom stored their logs after floating them from the forest, before re-rafting them to the anchorage, where Bumblefoot was to do his next high-pressure job, was a bare, flat spit of muddy land, backed by the scrub jungle of

old taungya, and fringed raggedly on the river side with dhani palms. In the dépôt yard itself there was practically no shade or shelter from the sun ; and when the tide was high—for forty miles from its mouth the river was still tidal—the surface of the yard was soggy and heavy all over, while on the banks by the dhani palms it was a deep, holding morass. Heavy going all the way for log work, and from the start Bumblefoot made clear his disgust at the job.

The business of extracting logs, many of them weighing upwards of two tons, from a disorderly pile, dragging, pushing, rolling them to the bank, and shooting them into the stream was not new work to Bumblefoot. There was nothing in the timber business, done by elephants, which, in spite of his distorted leg, he could not do as well and often as expeditiously as any of his fellows in captivity. But he disliked mud intensely, and he was fully aware that the season was too advanced for heavy work in exposed places. So he began work on the first day in a bad temper, and as he toiled in the brazen heat his sullenness and his grumbling noticeably increased. He also discovered his rider to be a fool at the particular job in hand, and he demonstrated the fact of the man's stupidity to everyone who watched him working.

Bumblefoot arrived before the sun to begin his job, but, as is the custom in the land of his birth, immediately encountered delay. The morning mists still floated on the river and hung about the land, there was no freshness in the dawn but only a tired imitation of coolness, yet the hour was the hour of energy in that land, and Bumblefoot knew it and was ready for his work. So were Wharton and Lathom, but the raftsmen and the coolies had not arrived and it was necessary to wait for them. The driver accepted the pause in the proceedings as usual and fitting ; he dismounted, produced leaf, lime and nut from a fold in his lungi, smeared the lime paste upon the leaf, wrapped the nut in it, wedged the parcel inside his cheek, and squatting on his haunches permitted his mind to become blank. Wharton and Lathom, running over again the exact way in which the job must be tackled, cursed the dilatory ways of the East. And Bumblefoot, moving over to a large pile of logs, took stock of his task, ears flapping, eye ruminative. Wharton went over and spoke to him, handling the great beast affectionately, doing what he could to arrange the hauling gear so that it should not touch the sore. His attentions were permitted without resentment but without any sign of gratitude or

friendliness. Bumblefoot continued to inspect the pile of logs, acknowledging the man's attentions by an occasional light touch with his trunk, feeling, it seemed, the texture of his shorts and shirt; otherwise he ignored him. Then the sun gulped up the mist, and abruptly the burning day began. The sampans and the dugouts of the raftsmen and the coolies, paddled without haste, showed on the broad glare of water; intense light and crude colouring filled the world; and, far away on the horizon, above the scrub jungle, hazy in the heavy atmosphere, there appeared the tree-clad foothills of that virgin country in the depths of which the elephants live in freedom.

When the sampans and the dugouts had arrived, and the chattering mob of Burmese, Karens, Chittagonians and mongrels had begun to inform each other in mixed tongues of the nature and method of each other's tasks, Bumblefoot was already at work. When an aged Burman, finely tattooed, with a coil of grey hair knotted on his head above a gargoyle countenance and a dirty red lungi rolled about his loins, who led the debate, had been persuaded by Lathom that the occasion was not one for parliamentary eloquence but was a first-class exhibition of coolie-driving, Bumblefoot had already begun to lose his temper.

The way of it was this. Bumblefoot's first task was to move the logs from the large piles at the back of the depôt and to arrange them along the bank, where the coolies might push into the stream such of them as they could handle. He began work on the pile which he had already inspected before the sun rose. This pile was somewhat pyramidal, with a twenty-five foot log perched insecurely on the top, athwart the ones below it. It was obvious that this log must come off first, otherwise injury to any man or beast tampering with the base of the pile was certain. Directly the rider was mounted, without waiting for instructions, Bumblefoot commenced the ascent of the pyramid. Manœuvring his huge bulk with strange, ungainly dexterity, testing by light touches with his trunk the security of any log before he put a foot upon it, a grey, scaly-skinned mountain of a beast, phlegmatic, intelligent, he climbed slowly but with complete assurance. When, however, he was definitely, as military persons delight in phrasing it, committed to the enterprise the mind of his rider ceased to be entirely blank. The man spat out a red stream of betel juice and began to ply his goad with vigour, seeking to turn the beast off the pile again. With logs lying loose and easy to move at the bottom of

the pile it seemed to him an extravagant proceeding to seek the most inaccessible first. But Bumblefoot, in spite of voice and goad, was not inclined to give way to an intelligence considerably meaner than his own. It looked as though the difference of opinion might result in a heavy fall; for Bumblefoot's immediate task was not suited to an elephant made careless by temper.

But Wharton perceived the situation and interfered. He informed the rider of the magnitude of his stupidity, and he made him let the elephant have his own way. So Bumblefoot continued his cautious climb until he could feel and test the top log at which he aimed. Then, finding it as he had anticipated easy to move, he decided, pausing deliberately before he made the decision, on the exact spot where force should be applied; placed his coiled trunk against the spot of his choice; uncoiled his trunk without obvious effort, and sent the long section of tree trunk rolling down the farther side of the pile. Without hesitating, but completely ignoring, except for grunts of discontent, his rider's attempts to aid and guide him, he sent two more logs rolling after the first. Then, backing down as deliberately and carefully as he had climbed up, he left the pile and re-inspected it, his tiny eyes winking, ruminative. He had gained his own way; and before going on with his job he put his trunk into his mouth, drew off a generous portion of saliva and sprayed his chest with it; but it was very obvious that his temper had suffered at the idiotic interference of the fool who rode him.

'Bumblefoot,' said Lathom, raising his soiled pigsticker and wiping sweat from his forehead, 'seems a knowledgeable old beast, and handy in spite of his fancy leg. But I wouldn't go much on his temper.'

'Do you wonder?' Wharton asked indignantly. 'Would any living creature be good-tempered if he were worked to skin and bone and sores as Bumblefoot is, and, to make things worse, were ridden by an incompetent idiot? Look at the poor beast. He has been working less than three-quarters of an hour and his head is already bleeding from the goad. I wish to God we lived in the old days when I could thrash that damned rider till he screamed, and then start in on that swine, Kyaw-myun, who is really responsible.'

And Lathom, before he went off across the yard to interrupt another debate between raftsmen and coolies, heartily agreed.

The dismantling of the piles of logs was work to which Bumble-

foot had no great objection, so long as he was permitted to have his own way. Occasionally delaying progress by arguments with his rider, when, sometimes on account of Wharton's interference, sometimes on account of his own masterful obstinacy, he always got his own way, he made good headway and was by eleven in the morning distinctly ahead of his work. The sun was then pitiless and the glare from the water a thing to hurt the eyes ; but Bumblefoot, pausing after each effort to spray his chest, slow, deliberate, methodical, kept at his job. His temper, in spite of the insufferable heat, appeared at any rate no worse. Then, luxuriously conveyed from his bungalow across the river in the stern of a sampan, shading himself with a black cotton umbrella, as became a man of substance and a pillar of the mission, Kyaw-myun arrived to inspect progress. Although he did not wear his blue blazer and although his shoes were yellow, he landed with care, almost with ceremony, at the decayed remains of what had been a tiny wooden wharf, and he deliberately avoided ploughing his way to where Wharton and Lathom practised the art of coolie driving in the morass on the bank. Standing on the rickety staging he took careful stock of what his elephant, working across the other side of the yard, had done and was doing ; and Bumblefoot paused in the act of kneeling down to a heave and stared at his owner. His ears stopped flapping ; he appeared uneasy.

When Wharton left his coolie-driving and climbed on to the rickety staging he was plastered with grey mud, his boots and puttees were caked with slime and there were smears of dirt on his face through which the sweat had run channels. Thoroughly annoyed at the Karen's appearance of coolness, irritated by the obsequiousness of the fellow's greeting, aware that the primary cause of his having arrived was probably an attempt to better the bargain already made, he led the way towards Bumblefoot by the muddiest line he could find ; and he was disgusted to discover that Kyaw-myun could skip from log to log like a chamois and preserve almost immaculate the sickly yellow of his shoes. So, tired, dirty, his temper raw from standing long hours in the withering sunlight, he determined to tell the man what he thought of him for letting his elephant get so out of condition. But the meeting between owner and beast made him forget his intention.

As Wharton and Kyaw-myun approached, Bumblefoot was arguing with his rider over the shifting of a log. Bumblefoot's way was the quickest and easiest, the rider's the slowest and most

difficult. But it struck Wharton that the elephant was not giving his customary obstinate determination to the argument; he kept on shooting quick little glances towards his approaching owner. Once, indeed, the rider, using his goad vigorously, almost got his own way. As he got near to him Kyaw-myun spoke to the great beast sharply, in a dialect unknown to Wharton. Bumblefoot stood absolutely still, staring back at the Karen without a blink of his tiny eyes. Kyaw-myun said something to the rider, unpleasant by the tone of it, then spoke again more sharply to the elephant, touching him on the shoulder. Bumblefoot moved uneasily—you could almost say he shivered—hesitated, then, as the touch was repeated, knelt slowly to move the log in front of him by the slowest and most difficult way.

Wharton was still considering the incident, wondering at the cause of the surrender and the exact significance of the momentary but noticeable hesitation, when Kyaw-myun enveloped him in a torrent of argument. A poor Karen, it appeared, an honest, hardworking man much respected by missionaries, had entered into a foolish bargain which would probably ruin him; he was confident, however, that a wealthy Englishman would not let a poor man suffer for his honesty. Wharton obeyed the rules and allowed the torrent play. When he could escape he did so. But he noticed that Bumblefoot was now no longer arguing with his rider but giving way to him.

As he walked back with Lathom to the bungalow for breakfast, he commented on the incident.

‘Naturally,’ he concluded, ‘Kyaw-myun imagines that by delaying things all he can he will frighten us into agreeing to new terms. But we can get the brute out of the way by getting Henderson to send for him about those licenses. He promised he would. What really interests me is Bumblefoot’s behaviour. He’s frightened of Kyaw-myun, terrified of the damned fellow, yet he hesitated about obeying him this morning. I wish the old beast would screw up his courage to defy the blighter.’

‘He has probably suffered for that too much already,’ Lathom suggested. ‘Lord, I’ve got a thirst! If only one could drink gallons of beer in this infernal land without suffering for it, life might be tolerable.’

That night there was no hymn droning from the bungalow across the water. The kindly intervention of Henderson, the Forest Officer, had sent the owner back to the other harmonium

in Sin Byu and to make an elaborate explanation about certain irregularities connected with timber licenses. This same intervention had also set the seal on a considerable alteration in Bumblefoot's destiny.

All the next day, with the exception of a short midday rest, Bumblefoot kept plugging at his job. At first he appeared expectant, slightly uneasy, inclined to let his rider have his own way ; but when the hours passed and Kyaw-myun did not appear, he settled down again, ignored the commands of the fool on his back and the pricking of the goad, and made noticeably better progress with his work. Before he finished for the day and lumbered off to the scrub jungle behind the depôt for his hours of partial liberty, he had dismantled all the piles of logs and had started labouring in the morass on the bank. By voice and gesture, by grunts and curious complainings, by spasmodic ear flapping, by singular activity of tail and trunk, by the frequency with which he applied trunk to mouth and sprayed his chest, he made known the fact that he detested this abominable mud-larking. Also he began to treat his rider with almost open contumely, scorning both the fellow's voice and goad. Yet, when at the end of the day Bumblefoot dragged his quarters from the clinging mud with a prodigious sucking noise and waited sulkily on firm ground while his hauling gear was removed, Wharton used obscene language at the state of the poor beast's head. He did his best to tell the rider what he thought of him, but recognised that his acquaintance with the Karen tongue was inadequate to the occasion.

That evening at dinner in the decayed bungalow that he shared with the Lathoms he discussed the matter seriously.

'It simply maddens me,' he declared. 'The way we have to acquiesce in the ill-treatment and over-driving of that poor old beast is making me lose my sense of humour. I can't see anything at all funny in Kyaw-myun and his damned underlings. I wish to heaven we could buy poor Bumblefoot, and work him decently ourselves.'

'Oh, couldn't we ?' Mrs. Lathom demanded eagerly. 'I should be in a blue funk of him ; but I'd simply love to have a shot at making him friendly. With decent treatment he might come to it.'

'If,' said Lathom, 'we manage with Bumblefoot's assistance to get this consignment of logs shipped, we might run to it. We do want an elephant of our own. And I agree with you, Wharton,

this winking at sheer cruelty, because we can't afford to do anything else, is getting on my nerves. To-morrow Bumblefoot will be in the mud up to his stifle practically all day. It isn't funny.'

It was not; and Bumblefoot made it plain that there was no humour in the business.

The coming of another burning day found him hard at it, and the surface of the bank already pock-marked with curious tubular holes where his legs had sunk into the stiff morass and had been withdrawn slowly and with difficulty. His job now was to manœuvre the logs end on to the stream and then to launch them, if they were small enough, straight into the water or, if they were too heavy for him to get a run on them, to slide them to a spot where the rising tide would float them as soon as possible. The coolies were of little use to him, the mud was too stiff and holding to let them drag or push the logs. All that they could do was to loosen those which had embedded themselves too firmly in the slime. They did this with a prodigality of chattering and noise. Their bronze, tattooed bodies plastered with mud, they leapt from log to log with singular lightness and accuracy, or waded in the ooze, embedding and withdrawing their slim hairless limbs with the effortless agility of snakes. Shouting, laughing, exchanging crude jests, offering each other much gratuitous and unproductive advice, they accomplished mighty little. Ponderous, massive, grotesque yet dignified, by comparison mute, Bumblefoot moved amongst them in the aching sunshine doing much solid and heavy work.

Quite early on that morning he ceased to treat his rider as anything but an irritating passenger. Consequently the work went forward at a good pace, and Kyaw-myun's schemes of being able to drive a panic bargain withered. But the irritation on his shoulders was there, and the mud was there, and Bumblefoot's temper grew short. Besides the heat was terrific and his job exhausting.

He would plough his way to a log, his shapeless legs sinking above the knees and hocks in the mud. He moved very slowly, feeling bottom with one limb before he attempted to move another. Sometimes, on a softer patch, he would sink in the morass until his great belly rested on the slime. On these occasions he would pause to collect his prodigious strength, snorting and grunting with disgust at his task, his small eyes aflame with indignation; then he would rock his vast body gently from side to side, smoothing

and enlarging the bed of mud in which he wallowed ; finally he would roll on to one side, taking the weight of his enormous bulk on his ribs while he pulled free his legs, one by one. So he would proceed, testing each laborious step before he made it, leaving behind him, when he had been deeply embedded, strange tracks, his hind legs scarring the mud as though with the twin imprint of a monstrous funnel, his forelegs moulding earthen tubes, two or three feet deep.

When he had ploughed his way to a log, he would invariably observe the same routine : first he would pause to spray his chest ; then he would test the mobility of the segment of tree-trunk before him. His method of testing appeared cursory, and it led to many arguments with his rider. But Bumblefoot was adamant on the matter ; he would employ no other method and he would abide by the result of his test. Curling the end of his trunk slightly, not coiling it as though for real work, he would gently press the log with it, first one way then the other. If his test told him that the log was too heavy for him, or that it was too firmly embedded in the mud for him to move it, he would straighten himself and await the assistance of the coolies ; and no amount of driving would make him continue work on that log until assistance came. If, however, his test told him that the log was manageable without help he would get to business, manœuvring in the morass with much gurgling and loud muddy suckings. To start with he would observe the line of its progress, then the lie of the log ; if he did not like the latter, he would alter it, pushing one end or the other sideways until he had it to his liking. Then, without haste, laboriously feeling his steps, he would move to the end away from the river and take up his stance with care. Having settled himself in position, having made certain that his hind legs had a reasonable purchase and would not slip and fail him when he brought them into play, he would coil his trunk and kneel. Firmly, not lightly and cursorily as when he employed his test, he would place his head against the log, pressing the fleshy base of the trunk, the lump that comes just below the bony forehead, against the timber. At that he would pause, making sure of his position, judging the energy required. Then he would shift his head a trifle lower, an inch or two, using his bony forehead ; his body would go forward ; and the muscles of his mighty flanks would tauten. The log would shoot ahead and his trunk would uncurl, keeping pressure on the timber to the limit of his reach. After that, slowly, deliberately,

he would extricate himself and prepare for another push. If, which rarely occurred, the log did not shoot ahead when he first applied his weight to it, Bumblefoot's eyes would show unmistakable annoyance. He had misjudged his effort; but he would not misjudge it twice. To bungle his job was something that displeased him mightily, and the force which he would apply, without hurry or fluster, to a second attempt was a power to make a mountain rock.

Only breaking off from noon till three in the afternoon to feed and rest, he worked steadily, deliberately, all that day in the full glare of a pitiless sun, hampered at every step by the holding morass in which he floundered continuously throughout the long, hot hours. Yet throughout the day he never ceased to give intelligent, deliberate attention to his work; he never once approached a log carelessly or applied anything but methodical skill to the business in hand; and, although he scarcely left the mud, he never slipped or fell. While the coolies managed, as often as not, cheerfully, noisily, to move light logs into impossible positions from which they had to be extricated with difficulty, Bumblefoot, unless so interfered with by his rider that he could not have his own way, succeeded, sulkily, complainingly, in moving heavy logs to the places where they should be. But at the end of the day his temper was very ragged and he was obviously tired.

'We shall finish to-morrow,' Lathom declared, as he and Wharton, lying on long chairs on the verandah of their bungalow, greeted the going down of the sun with whisky and tepid soda water. 'That is unless Bumblefoot crocks up, or turns rusty. I shouldn't blame him if he did. That infernal mud is absolutely dangerous; if he really fell in it, I don't believe we should ever get him out.'

'He won't fall,' Wharton announced. 'He's as good a workman as you want, and he won't take any chances. If he is very tired to-morrow, we will leave the last three or four logs. But that blighter Kyaw-myun mustn't suspect that. If he does turn up to-morrow, he'll be hopping wild. It's no good trying to delay things now in the hope of us agreeing to a higher price for speeding them up. Too late. At a pinch we shouldn't be broke if we only shipped what is already rafted.'

And next morning, at one time, it looked as though the pinch had come. The night had been insufferably hot and airless, and the sun seemed to inflame the dépôt yard to midday heat before it

had decently cleared the horizon of misty foothills beyond which elephants work for themselves alone. Bumblefoot showed reluctance at going into the mud at all; and although he applied his usual method and skill to his work, his complaints were frequent and his surliness marked. In fact the morning started badly and went on worse.

The first incident was an affront to his dignity. He was working right on the edge of the bank, steering the logs between dhani palms. The coolies, more cheerful and more noisy than ever at the prospect of pay at the end of the day, were chattering and, when driven to it, working all about him. The aged Burman with the top-knot of grey hair, the most verbose of a wordy crowd, was haranguing the mob on the way a large log should be eased in its mud bed before Bumblefoot could move it. Squatting on his haunches on the log, just in front of the elephant, he gave tongue unstintingly, well supported by an accompaniment of back chat from his audience. Bumblefoot stood above his knees in mud, lazily flapping his ears, his small eyes observing the mob about him with sulky contempt. Then a youth on the outskirts of the crowd, a youth with an Oriental sense of humour, discovered a water snake, picked it up by the tail and hurled it at the aged Burman. Knowing the deadliness of the reptile, Wharton and Lathom were mildly astonished to find the pleasant joke received with howls of laughter, the aged Burman, who dodged the missile, leading the applause with cackling shrieks. But the snake, although it missed the Burman, hit Bumblefoot on the head. Water snakes did not offend him, but having things thrown at him did. He snorted with fury and reached for the grey top-knot with his trunk. He missed, but the yells of joy which greeted the old man's agile hop to safety increased his anger. Then Wharton interfered; and Bumblefoot resumed his work, grumbling.

The second incident, which nearly resulted in a deadlock, was Lathom's fault. The coolies, left unsupervised for a few minutes, had succeeded in getting a valuable log into a difficult position between two dhani palms. To save much manœuvring on Bumblefoot's part and consequent loss of time, Lathom rigged blocks and a wire rope, and had the elephant out of the mud on to the path that ran across the yard, and made the wire rope fast to the hauling chains. Bumblefoot submitted to the arrangement with a bad grace. He obviously preferred his own methods, and he had tested the log and found it movable. But when he was told to pull he pulled. Heaving into his breast harness he moved forward slowly,

taking the strain without jerking. The log weighed well over two tons and it was awkwardly wedged, but as the great beast used his huge strength it began to move. Then the wire rope parted, and Bumblefoot pitched forward heavily on to his head, remaining for a moment with his ungainly stern in the air. Again the coolies made things worse with yelling cackles of laughter. When Bumblefoot had righted himself he seemed almost on the verge of running amok. His trunk high in the air he trumpeted with fury, stamping his feet, his small eyes bloodshot and wild. While his rider soothed him and his wounded dignity, Wharton and Lathom reduced the mob of coolies to silence; but, even when his first outburst of passion had passed, Bumblefoot appeared definitely to have struck work. It was twenty minutes before he could be induced to enter the mud again, and when at last he did he would for some time do nothing but tear leaves from the dhani palms and stamp them into the mire. Finally he consented to work; and when he tackled the log to which he had been elaborately harnessed with rope and blocks he moved it easily after one simple adjustment.

Lathom felt that he had justly earned the great beast's contempt.

Shortly after Bumblefoot had consented to go on with his work Kyaw-myun appeared in his sampan; and at the man's arrival the elephant again grew uneasy. He worked steadily enough, little hampered by his rider, who had almost ceased interfering with him, but he kept on looking across to his owner as though the fellow's presence disturbed him; and when Kyaw-myun came near to him and touched him he was inclined to pause in his work, keeping furtive, suspicious eyes watching the Karen.

As Wharton and Lathom had foreseen, Kyaw-myun was now intent on hurrying things to a finish. To be beaten by a log or two in a bargain which he had shaped himself was not to his liking; and he abused the rider and he abused Bumblefoot until he had them both thoroughly upset. As a consequence of the rider being upset an accident occurred about half an hour before work was due to stop for the midday rest.

Bumblefoot was working in a cramped place between the ruinous jetty and a dhani palm. The coolies had managed to get four good logs into this space, but they had not got them far enough for the high tide to take them. The mud on the water side of the logs was impossible, even for Bumblefoot. He had tested it with careful proddings of his misshapen foreleg, and he had refused, definitely, to set foot in it. So, when he was manœuvring the logs

into position for being pushed into the water, he had to pass round behind them. This entailed delay; and Kyaw-myun stood upon the crazy jetty and condemned the slowness of the work with skilfully chosen insults. Bumblefoot was squeezing his huge bulk between the dhani palm and the log nearest to it, seeking to get to the river end and adjust the alignment, when the accident happened. The stem of the palm was bristling with sharp spikes, the remnants of the leaves which he had torn off in his rage an hour or so before. As the elephant forced his way, laboriously and ponderously past the palm, the rider was careful to keep his legs away from these spikes. But a particularly skilful outburst on the part of Kyaw-myun diverted his attention just as Bumblefoot lurched heavily towards the palm in order to make the extraction of his near forefoot from the mud an easier matter. The rider did not withdraw his right leg in time and received four inches of sharp spike between the calf muscles and the bone. The wound was a nasty one, and it put the man out of action. So Bumblefoot was brought out of the mud on to the path and allowed to stand idle, surveying with ruminative eye the dressing of the rider's leg and the gesticulating oratory of Kyaw-myun. Flapping his ears, except when Kyaw-myun passed near him, he appeared thoughtful at the course of events.

But Kyaw-myun was rampant, clasping his hands in supplication, almost tearful. Six logs remained to be moved. Now that his only rider was desperately wounded and unable to continue work, the partners could not be so inhuman as to insist on the fulfilment of the bargain.

Wharton and Lathom smiled. It was their hour. But the sun was burning into them and they did not intend to let the harangue run its course.

'You made the bargain,' Wharton informed Kyaw-myun, as he finished a rough dressing of the rider's leg. 'Stick to it. We are not going to argue, understand.'

Kyaw-myun understood; but he merely altered his line of argument. He passed from the subject of his own ruin and the starvation of the widow and children of the rider, who was certainly going, he declared, to die, to the matter of a compromise on the price arranged. Lathom stopped him.

'It's not the least good going on talking,' he said. 'Either those six logs are floated or you don't get paid. We shall be back here at three o'clock to start work again. Two hours will see the job finished. Finish it, if you want your money. I've heard you

talk a lot about your skill with elephants. You fancied yourself as a sin-ok once, didn't you? Well, ride the beast yourself.'

As Wharton and Lathom made arrangements for the rider to be removed to the servants' quarters at the bungalow and then prepared to go off to breakfast, Kyaw-myun followed them about with clasped hands, murmuring piteously, "Mr. Wharton! Mr. Lathom! Sir! Sir!" Yet, when he perceived that the histrionic effort was wasted, he altered his tune and touched a veiled insolence.

'Gentlemen,' he declared, 'I will do it. And you will pay me cash to-night. Cash. I am a poor man. I cannot wait.'

Bowing, he went over to Bumblefoot and ordered the beast to kneel so that he might mount him. For a moment Bumblefoot appeared unwilling to obey; then Kyaw-myun spoke to him again, sharply, touching him; and he knelt, fear and uneasiness awake in his small eyes.

With Kyaw-myun perched on his neck he lumbered slowly off towards the scrub jungle for food and rest; and Wharton, filling a pipe, watched him go.

'This ought to be a useful lesson to Kyaw-myun,' he announced. 'The blighter didn't relish the prospect of a job of work at all. I thought that he was going to refuse to ride.'

'So did I,' Lathom answered. 'It wouldn't have mattered much if he had. Of course we should have had to pay the brute for what he has done. Bad policy not to. As a matter of fact we have got the full contract floated now, but the buyers will take any surplus we can send them. My missis would have been disappointed, though, if we had not gone on. She wants to photograph Bumblefoot at work this afternoon. Which reminds me, she's got to wear puttees. The place is crawling with water snakes. I've seen four this morning besides the one that humourist threw.'

'Specialised form of humour, that,' Wharton laughed. 'They say that death from their bite is practically instantaneous.'

And wearily, for the heat was great and they had stood in the sun for many hours, they went off to breakfast.

Punctually at three o'clock Bumblefoot, ridden by Kyaw-myun, reappeared and began work. He seemed less sullen than usual but more thoughtful as he began work on two outlying logs. The first of these he moved and launched into the water almost in record time. Kyaw-myun rode him hard, commanding and exacting obedience with apparently unnecessary determination. There were two possible ways to move the second log, neither of them at the first glance seeming obviously the better. Bumblefoot

began to manoeuvre in the mud to move it one way. Kyaw-myun promptly drove him to move it the other; then, while he was forcing the elephant to change his position, he perceived that his way would involve one extra movement, so he gave up the attempt and let the great beast have his own way. Bumblefoot appeared at first astonished, then even more thoughtful. After launching this log successfully, he sprayed himself with extreme deliberation; his natural sulkiness seemed to have given place to an almost dreamy pensiveness.

Mrs. Lathom photographed him as he ploughed his way, with the mud sucking at his cumbrous limbs, across the morass to the four remaining logs between the jetty and the dhani palm, where the accident had happened in the morning.

'Poor old beast,' she said, seating herself on a coil of wire rope on the jetty. 'He must be absolutely beat. That fool, Kyaw-myun, is even worse with the goad than the other man was. What's the sense of it? Bumblefoot is doing his best.'

The heat was stupefying. To the three Europeans on the jetty the sun brought a lethargy that made the scene before them sway and rock unless they fought against it. To glance across the glare of water was like a blow in the eyes. Shade and freshness seemed gone from the world. Yet Bumblefoot, obviously tired and out of condition, had given up complaining. He toiled in the mud silently, his sulkiness no longer apparent, his tiny eyes thoughtful and bright.

'I suppose,' said Mrs. Lathom, 'the poor old devil knows that he has only four more logs to shift. The prospect of a rest has softened him.'

But she was wrong in that.

The morass about the four remaining logs was softer and more holding than it had been in the morning, for the tide was rising. Twice, in reaching the log by the dhani palm, Bumblefoot sank up to his stifle and had to sway and rock his great body about until he could free his legs. Yet, although the strain upon him was tremendous, he never really looked like falling or losing control of himself. But it was evident that Kyaw-myun did not like the job, and he hung on nervously when the great beast rolled and plunged. He appeared chiefly occupied in keeping his seat; and he certainly did not attempt to interfere with the elephant's way of tackling the log. Working very deliberately, testing the mud and the log before he moved, Bumblefoot again squeezed himself past the palm, and then backed out when he had made the necessary

adjustment. To the three white people watching from the jetty it seemed that Kyaw-myun was mainly concerned with the safety of his own legs, but that Bumblefoot deliberately paused once or twice in his work to see whether the man on his back would object to the hesitation and re-start driving him. When Kyaw-myun did nothing but look after his own limbs, the elephant became still more thoughtful.

Having calculated the effort required with nice exactness, Bumblefoot sent the log on which he was working sliding into the water and lumbered heavily to the one next to the jetty. Spraying himself, he inspected this log with extreme care. Then he tested it lightly with his trunk, and paused. The forward end of the log was against a snag in the mud, which prevented it from being pushed into the water. Kyaw-myun, however, made no attempt to interfere, he left the job to the beast. Bumblefoot assured himself of this by hesitating twice before he tackled the business.

To the onlookers it appeared evident that he was giving peculiarly careful attention to the exact way in which the work should be done. The mud in this particular spot was certainly bad, but they wondered why the beast, who had hitherto showed no signs of falling, who usually made up his mind after the first test, should be so extremely careful. Interested, almost forgetting the withering heat in admiring the slow working of a deliberate intelligence, they stood in the blazing sun and watched.

While Mrs. Lathom got ready her camera, Bumblefoot made up his mind. Picking his steps cautiously, he struggled into the narrow space between the log and the jetty. The log was on his right, the jetty on his left, he faced the river. There was no room for him to turn broadside on, but by slewing himself to the right he could get sufficient purchase on the log to roll it from its mud bed clear of the snag which obstructed its slide into the water. It was certainly the only way to do the job, and as Bumblefoot, his tiny eyes bright and alert, began to work his previous hesitation seemed the more difficult to understand.

He took up his position with fastidious care, taking some time to settle his legs in the mud, making quite certain that when he got down to it his head would be in the right position to roll the log aside. But, making a final settlement of his forelegs, he did the thing which he had not done before in four long days of forced toil. He slipped. His near foreleg, apparently, lost its hold, and the vast weight of him rolled towards the jetty. Kyaw-myun, fearful of a crushed limb as the great beast fell against the timber-staging,

whipped his left leg over the elephant's neck, sitting right over on the off side. As he did so Bumblefoot recovered himself with amazing agility. Rolling right over the other way, he got his head against the log and his great flanks into action in one calculated effort of prodigious strength. The unexpected movement was too much for Kyaw-myun. As the log rolled out of its mud bed he lost his seat; he slid off the great animal's neck and fell sprawling in the smooth mud furrow where the log had rested.

The full weight of the timber was still against Bumblefoot's head. As his owner sprawled beside him he began, slowly, deliberately to lower the huge mass of wood back again upon the man. He worked methodically, without rage, inexorably, intent on making the burial secure. As Kyaw-myun realised what was happening he made a prodigious effort to slip out of the grave before the log pressed him into the mud. Then he suddenly ceased to struggle, screaming aloud instead; and there was a wriggling in the mud beside him. Bumblefoot stared; stopped the timber moving; braced himself; and, with ease and skill, rolled the log where it ought to be for launching into the stream.

He then moved laboriously from the grave which was no longer required and, flapping his ears contentedly, sprayed himself. But Kyaw-myun was silent, already contorted. The water snakes had completed in their way the job which Bumblefoot had planned differently.

That night Henderson, the Forest Officer, passing it on tour, dined and slept at the bungalow. He was a dapper little man, inclined to pomposity and the opinions of his forefathers. As he lay on a long chair on the verandah after dinner, neatly dabbing at his damp forehead with a large silk handkerchief, he pronounced a species of considered judgment on Bumblefoot's achievement.

'You haven't the least doubt,' he asked, 'that the elephant deliberately planned squashing the man with the log?'

'Not the smallest doubt,' Lathom assured him.

'And you are actually going to buy the beast?' Henderson continued.

'We are, actually,' Wharton answered.

'Well,' Henderson declared, sitting up in order to give additional impressiveness to his pronouncement, 'I will not say that you will have this sort of trouble with him again. My experience of elephants makes me regard this incident as in the nature of the settlement of a private feud between a particular beast and

a particular individual. But'—he looked sternly at his audience—'but it is the principle I am trying to consider. Is not some species of disciplinary action required? After all, we must consider the sanctity of human life.'

Mrs. Lathom laughed softly. She was standing by the balustrade of the verandah, looking out into the night.

'Mr. Henderson,' she invited, 'before you help yourself to a drink do come here a minute.'

There was no breath of wind to stir a leaf. The heat was intense; from every direction there came the continuous, loud noise of insects; a tucktoo spoke in the compound. From across the river, where Kyaw-myun's bungalow stood, there sounded singing and playing, but not the singing of hymns or the playing of the harmonium. The missionaries were many miles away and Kyaw-myun's relatives were taking no chances with the spirits. A full moon rode high in the sky, gleaming on the broad waters of the river, lighting the jungle with a soft clear radiance.

Henderson stood beside Mrs. Lathom and looked out over a wide scene of extravagant beauty.

'Why,' his hostess asked him, 'should Bumblefoot be punished because he doesn't consider the sanctity of human life?'

'Come now, Mrs. Lathom,' Henderson argued, 'you cannot pretend that we must not regard life as something sacred.'

'Life!' Mrs. Lathom interrupted him, and laughed again.

Then she pointed into the distance to where the foothills of the virgin jungle were outlined against the sky in gleaming silver and in purple shadow.

'Surely you are getting the proportions mixed,' she continued. 'They took Bumblefoot from there, against his will, and condemned him to labour here for the rest of his days. Why should he consider human life?'

'Put that way, of course,' Henderson admitted, 'I don't quite know. But . . .'

'I love life,' Mrs. Lathom insisted. 'I certainly hope I shan't have to give it up till I'm too old to enjoy it any longer. But I think I admire Bumblefoot. And I'm sure that he is perfectly justified in feeling content with a good day's work. I hope he is content. Listen to him.'

From the scrub jungle, through the hot still air, across the soft, clear beauty of the moonlight, there sounded the clapping of a kalouk. After exacting labours Bumblefoot was feeding quietly.

INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY:
THE WORKER'S VIEW

BY W. F. WATSON.

THE British workman is probably the most maligned and misunderstood creature in the world. It is a remarkable fact that even in these days there are some people whose sole conception of a working man is an unshaved, unwashed individual who goes into the mill or factory, down the mine, on the railway, or on a building, not to work, but merely to qualify for the wages he quickly squanders in drink and gambling, and who is constantly seeking excuses for striking. That some wage-earners are 'work-shies' cannot be disputed, and it is equally true that many spend a goodly portion of their wages in drink and gambling and pictures; but they are only a small minority, just as only a negligible number of people believe such things of all the workers.

In the workshop this peculiar conception still appears to prevail. Most employers treat their employees as mere 'hands,' caring nothing whatever for their bodily or mental conditions of work. All the schemes devised to induce wage-earners to increase output are based upon the fallacy that they—the workers—have a natural disposition to avoid work, which is all wrong. They should be directed to the conditions under which the men work. To suggest such things as proper lighting, ventilation, heating in the factory: to urge occupational guidance, the avoidance of fatigue, or the cultivation of interest in the work, would be to invite the scepticism—if not the derision—of most employers. Such proposals would probably be regarded as insidious attempts to pamper the workers, and the promoters thereof dismissed as interfering, unbusiness-like busy-bodies.

A change is, however, taking place in industry. A number of employers, small at present but growing, are beginning to realise that the future prosperity of industry lies in no small degree in the health and well-being of the workers. They are taking a lively interest in their workmen, getting into personal touch with them, attending to their comfort in the factory, and in other ways treating them more as human beings than as mere 'hands.' The assistance of expert psychologists and physiologists is being invoked to devise ways and means of making work more palatable in order that production

might be enhanced and the burden of work lightened. The National Institute of Industrial Psychology is doing much useful work in this direction, especially in relation to occupational guidance. One of the greatest tragedies of industry is that lads are placed in an occupation, either because they have a hazy notion that they might like it or because their parents think it 'such a nice trade,' only to find, when the period of training has expired, that they haven't the remotest aptitude or adaptability for the work. Before embarking upon life's work every lad and lassie should be thoroughly examined by fully qualified people, both psychologically and physiologically, in order to ascertain accurately what they are best suited for. If the National Institute of Industrial Psychology does only this, it will render invaluable service to industry. But the Institute claims to go much farther. Its aims and objects were ably summed up by the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., when speaking at the dinner recently held by the Institute :

'The Institute, so far as I have been able to learn, is surveying the vast realm covered by the operation of the Factory Acts, and it is striving to introduce into that realm improvements—not improvements which require legislation, but improvements in mental and bodily conditions of work. The study of such things as lighting, heating, ventilation, movement of the body, cultivation of interest, the avoidance of fatigue, occupational guidance—in other words, the study of the whole human factor in relation to the machine and the job—that, as I understand it, is the field of study of the industrial psychologist.'

As one would expect, the expert psychologist is being met with fierce opposition from the workers, who regard the new science as another insidious 'capitalist' dodge to extract more work and profit from an already exploited and overworked body of people, which is scarcely surprising when one remembers the treatment hitherto accorded the workers. Whenever improvements in industry have been made, the values have usually been measured in terms of increased production and profit rather than in terms of making work easier and more congenial for the operator. It is encouraging to note that the National Institute of Industrial Psychology declare that the employees should share in the benefits which accrue from the application of the new science, but even they appear to lay far more stress upon increased production than upon the well-being of the workmen.

I have always been keenly interested in psychology, although I

may not be familiar with all the scientific terms. During the many years spent in the workshop, travelling from factory to factory, working with all kinds of men, I have had unique first-hand opportunities for studying the various types. Having lived, worked, and suffered with them, I am familiar with their idiosyncrasies and foibles. I trust I shall not be thought unduly egotistical when I say that that is where I have the advantage of the expert psychologist. It is quite true that the National Institute of Industrial Psychology and similar organisations send propagandists and research workers into the mills, mines, and factories to work side by side with the wage-earners, but that is not *quite* the same as actually working in industry for a living. The expert shoemaker can diagnose the foot and the shoe: he can express expert opinion as to where the shoe may possibly be a little tight, but only the wearer of the shoe is in a position to know exactly where it pinches. Unlike the wage-earner, the research worker, although for a period he may be actually working for wages, is not 'dependent upon what the merest breath of adversity may in a moment dispel.' The painstaking, conscientious investigator even lives with the workers during his studies, but he is ever conscious of the fact that he is only doing so for a specific purpose, and that as soon as his investigations are completed he will resume his usual mode of living. That is, of course, entirely different from being compelled to live the life day after day, year after year, with little hope of a change. Consequently, the expert psychologist can, at most, diagnose the wage-earner and his working conditions, and postulate theories as to what is wrong and the best remedies to apply. The wage-earner alone knows. A perusal of the various reports, articles, and speeches of industrial psychologists, employers, and politicians, when dealing with the subject, tends to substantiate this point of view. They are mostly boringly abstract, understanding of the human factor in industry is lamentably lacking, the terminology is involved and seldom germane to the everyday life of the workman.

The primary human factor in industry is the desire for security of employment, the corollary of which is fear of dismissal and of the hardships entailed through unemployment. It can be truly said that all actions are subservient to this factor. In those establishments where a regular staff is employed and men rarely discharged, the employees work better and far more cheerfully than in those shops where the practice is to 'take on' men one week and 'sack' them the next—and there are plenty of the latter. It has ever been

a source of wonder to me why some of the big firms continually change their workmen without any apparent reason! I have sometimes thought that the foremen and managers like to exercise their power! Maybe they are fond of fresh faces, but, whatever the reason for such a strange policy, it is extremely uneconomical and militates against production. The knowledge that the job is temporary in character is always present, producing a 'don't care' psychology in the mind of the worker. What does it matter, he thinks; I shan't be here long! Moreover, he will, should administration be slack, retard the work in the hope of prolonging his job. There is no shadow of doubt that ninety-nine per cent. of the working men tenaciously cling to the theory that if they do as little work as possible their period of employment will be extended, and there will be more work for others. Whilst employment is precarious, and whilst men live in daily fear of the 'sack,' efforts to make work more palatable will not meet with much success, and it will be extremely difficult to provoke interest in the job.

'Was it not true,' said Lord Balfour at the previously mentioned dinner of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, 'that labour of every kind was imperfectly applied if the workman, be he a man of science, or a poet, or a writer, were not interested in his work?' Of course, it is true—perfectly true—but I suggest that the analogy is scarcely apt. Although, as is well known, scientists, poets, artists, and writers often work more hours than the average wage-earner, they are not compelled to go to the laboratory or study at a certain time each morning and remain there a fixed number of hours! Imagine John Drinkwater, or Bernard Shaw, or Sir William Orpen, or Professor Einstein, or Michael Arlen, or Sir George Elgar, awakened at 6.30 A.M. by an alarm clock, jumping out of bed, and hurriedly dressing, bolting a hastily prepared meal, and rushing to catch trams and trains from, say, Southwark to Walthamstow, in order to get to the laboratory or study precisely at 7.30, there to remain under the close surveillance of rate fixers, progress clerks, and irascible foremen for four hours and a half, and, after a cheap, indifferently cooked meal in a none too savoury eating-house, another four hours in the afternoon! Such an idea is, of course, absurd, but were they compelled to work under such conditions, were they entirely dependent upon an insecure pay-envelope for a livelihood, methinks their interest in their work would have a distinct tendency to wane. Fortunately for science, art, literature, and music, the life and work of the scientist, poet, writer, and

musician are not so regulated. Moreover, a very important factor is that the professional classes have a direct interest in their work, inasmuch as they are the owners of what they produce.

The wage-earner often has to go to work with a bottle of medicine in his pocket because he can ill afford the loss of wages entailed by remaining at home. In fact, most workers are seldom really well enough to work, yet not ill enough to 'go on sick'; they are always 'not very well'—a condition induced partly by badly lighted, dirty, ill-ventilated workshops, and partly by acute mental strain caused by worrying foremen, irksome restrictions, and unnecessary discipline. To be able to work when one wants to, and to rest when fatigued, must be very pleasant: to know that you are the owner of the product of your hand or brain must, indeed, be sheer joy, factors which, in themselves, would provoke deep interest in the work. To have to work fixed hours, whether fit or unfit, and to have no possessive interest in the product, is a very different thing.

Whilst it is absolutely impossible to run industry under conditions where men could work when and how they liked and where each man possessed what he produced, it is by no means impracticable to make the workshops healthy and to reduce irksome restrictions and discipline to a minimum.

The average worker—be he clerk or coal-heaver, builder or bus-driver, engineer or electrician, miner or railwayman—usually grumbles the whole day long about the monotony of his particular job, and yet, after spending a full day at his usual occupation, he willingly toils another three or four hours at work equally arduous and more monotonous. Many a man spends hours on a small piece of land from which, after infinite effort, he may be fortunate enough to extract a few potatoes or cabbages, and regards the result with joyous pride. He has produced something from the earth, and the product is his to do what he likes with. It is his hobby, which he can pursue at will; his daily work is compulsory, and the hours fixed.

It is psychologically true that the fact that one's livelihood depends upon it has a tendency to make the work monotonous. If the enthusiastic allotment-tiller had to grow vegetables all day for a living, the chances are that he would find it as monotonous and irksome as his present ordinary occupation. It is not the monotony of the task that pall and deadens interest so much as the fact that one is compelled to do it for so many hours per day.

I cannot include coal-mining in my experiences—I confess I have

never been down a mine—but I imagine there are few more monotonous jobs than working at the coal-face. Industrial psychologists have recently been directing their attention to making mining less monotonous. In the *Strand Magazine* for July 1925, there appeared an interesting article describing the effects of the application of psychology to industry, in the course of which the writer said :

‘ Now it might be imagined that the hard-headed, independent miner would resent interference from the black-coated interloper who calls himself a psychologist. But the investigators from the Institute found that, after living with the miners, wearing the same clothes, and working alongside them, they were able to arouse keen interest in the new science and its application to the work of coal getting. Careful observation of the methods of the best workers revealed that they used a comparatively slow stroke of the pick in getting coal, and a faster one when working upon dirt. The best workers were those who instinctively employed a steady, rhythmic movement. But these steady ‘ plodders ’ were in a minority, and there seemed little likelihood of their fellow-workers discovering their secret—or even taking the trouble to do so.

‘ The psychologist, therefore, set out to train the less expert workers to use their picks in time with a metronome. As soon as they got into the ‘ swing ’ the metronome was withdrawn, and it was found that the rhythmic beat was maintained. The result was that, apart from the reduction of fatigue and the awakening of a new interest in a hitherto “ monotonous ” job, the output actually increased by sixteen per cent.’

Quite so ! I can easily imagine the miners evincing a lively interest in the ‘ black-coated interloper ’ and the metronome. They probably discussed it amongst themselves and decided to give the thing a trial, anyhow. Naturally enough, just as a band impels rhythm into the movements of marching troops, making the march more pleasant, so would the metronome induce the miner to swing his pick more regularly ; the work would thus become apparently less monotonous and output would be enhanced. And, of course, the rhythmic movement would continue after the metronome was withdrawn. But when the novelty had worn off the knowledge that the demand for coal was lessening, that mines were closing down, that the probability of short time—possibly the sack—was imminent, that the employers were asking for a cut in wages and a longer week, and that there were rumours of a strike with its attendant privations, would counteract all the good work accomplished by the metronome.

It would tend to become as hateful and monotonous as the work, movement would again become spasmodic, and production would fall to its former level.

It has been said that the character of all institutions, social, political, and economic, is determined by the prevailing method of production, and there is much to be said for the theory. It is certainly true that the nature of the occupation invariably moulds the character and determines the outlook upon things in general. People engaged in the building of warships are not likely to support a 'Little Navy' programme, any more than those working in armament factories are calculated to be in favour of disarmament. A man working in a 'bus-building establishment could be depended upon to champion the merits of the trackless system of transport as being far superior to any other, but the man in the railway-shop, or tram yard, would as strenuously advocate trains or trams as against 'buses. The civil servant will usually be found to support the application of the economy-axe in any and every Government department except the one in which he happens to be employed.

If the nature of a man's job demands deep thought, intuition, initiative, and resource, that man will probably be a far better type than he whose job merely consists of pulling a few levers or pushing a number of knobs.

The great disadvantage of mass production, with its sub-division of labour, standardisation of parts, and simplification of operations by improved—almost fool-proof—machinery, is that the operator tends to become an automaton.

Writing in *T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* recently, Mr. Gerald Barry (Editor *Saturday Review*) said :

' . . . With all our vaunted intelligence we are very poor weak creatures, who use our brains only with the greatest difficulty, not a little lower than the angels so much as a little higher than the beasts. . . . How little we exercise our brains in comparison with their capacity, how hard we find it to exercise them at all ! The pursuit of learning requires unremitting discipline. Were we all suddenly to start using our brains to the fullest capacity we should develop rather alarmingly into a race of supermen. The human brain is ten times as large as is required for ordinary occasions, so that to be fearful of damaging it by overwork is not a little unreasonable.'

Applied generally to the man in the shop there is an element of truth in this sweeping statement. The operator of the modern

machine has no need to use his brains to any appreciable extent. The tools are ground and set by the mechanic ; all the operator has to do is to move a few levers and occasionally feed the machine with bars of steel. The need for individual effort is not present, consequently there is a tendency to produce a type of worker without initiative or individuality. This is another great tragedy of industry, and, granted the necessity for mass production, one wonders whether, after all, the labour-saving machine can rightly be regarded as really beneficial to mankind, and whether the industrial psychologist will ever be able to make the mechanical monotonous work so palatable as to sharpen the intellect. I am rather sceptical about it. The better way, it seems to me, is to encourage the pursuit of intellectual recreation outside the factory, thus counteracting the deadening effects of monotony. That there is no lack of supply of machine operators should not be taken as an indication that the schools provide an abundance of lads without initiative ; rather is it the result of economic pressure and the struggle for existence. No doubt the lads have their share of intelligence when they first enter the factory, but if they are not called upon to exercise it, it has no chance to develop. Nevertheless, it is a noticeable fact that quite a large number of men appear to be quite content—at any rate, they do not manifest any ambition for advancement—to perform the most drearily monotonous tasks day after day. For a long time this psychological phenomenon puzzled me. I could not understand how healthy human beings could be happy all day under such soul-destroying conditions as would mean purgatory for me. By judicious inquiries I found that the secret lay in the fact that they were intensely interested in some hobby. They were not happy in their work—that was merely a continuance of mechanical operations, necessary because one must live—their thoughts were constantly on their hobby.

It cannot be said of the skilled mechanic, who is, after all, the most important man in industry, that he uses his brains with the greatest difficulty. My experience is that he uses them with surprising aptitude during the course of his day's work. Whilst much of the mechanic's work is repetitive, it is usually of a highly skilled nature such as cannot be done by unskilled labour on a labour-saving machine. A turner may be given a dozen or so shafts to machine and thread. His resourcefulness is immediately required to rig up stops and other 'gadgets'—to use workshop terminology—to ensure speed, accuracy, and interchangeability. A toolmaker may be

given a block of rough steel and a blue print (the shop term for a copy of the drawing) from which he is expected to fashion an accurate, highly finished tool to be used for the reproduction of thousands of parts. In many instances the drawing is by no means clear, which is not always the fault of the draughtsman, but is generally due to the fact that it is the first of its kind, therefore much has to be left to the ingenuity of the mechanic. The tool-maker must exercise his brains by visualising the finished tool in order that each operation will be in proper sequence and synchronise with the whole job, just as an author must visualise the complete story as he builds up the chapters.

The average worker is a mass of contradictions, which is possibly part of his charm. The majority of men I have met never seem to tire of swearing about their work: they curse the fates that placed them in engineering, and in lurid language declare they have no interest whatever in the job. As a matter of fact, I have not met one skilled worker who did not actually like his work, the grumbling is merely the lamentations of men chafing under irksome restrictions. It is particularly noticeable that when a man is given a new job, especially if it happens to be accurate and important, he is as happy as a child with a new toy, and is the envy of the whole shop. His shopmates will chaffingly accuse him of asking the foreman for the job. They will evince keen interest in the drawing—quite as much as the man who is doing the job—suggest methods of fixing and machining, and in other ways use their brains generously. The man with the new job will take the chaff in good humour, accept or reject the freely given advice according to his temperament (some mechanics resent being advised), and cheerfully address himself to his task. He will be so interested that he will often forget the flight of time. When the hooter goes he will look up with surprise and exclaim, 'Bless me,' or words to that effect, 'I had no idea it was so late!' When subjected to analysis, interest in work of this description is not altogether surprising. The function of the skilled worker is to master material harder than himself—to 'mould it to the heart's desire' in accordance with the drawing and requirements. It is this, what might be aptly termed desire for supremacy of mind over matter, which promotes interest. We may grumble at the monotony of the workshop, chafe at the confinement, deceive ourselves into believing we hate the work—we do all these things—but craft pride is so strong, the desire to prove ourselves superior to the material we are called upon to fashion is so keen, that monotony,

confinement, hatred of work and employers are forgotten, and we exercise all the ingenuity we are capable of to make the job a work of art. And then, when it is finished, we exhibit it round the shop with pardonable pride, receiving the congratulations of our mates for having made 'a fine job of it.' Have I not done so scores of times! The tragic pity of it is that this fine characteristic is not better appreciated, properly harnessed, and used to the best possible advantage.

Equally paradoxical is the keen interest taken by the average worker in the firm's business. Whilst professing to 'hate the boss,' he follows the fortunes of his employers with avidity. He likes to know what company his particular job is for, and the minutest details of the orders being handled. The man who is in touch with one of the office staff and can get the latest news 'red hot' is of some consequence in the eyes of his fellows. Immediately he gets the information that 'the firm' has booked a big order he assumes an air of importance, but he does not hasten to put his mates 'wise,' he prefers to keep them on tenter-hooks. They, having seen the clerk in conversation with their comrade, commence conjecturing as to the nature of the news, until, unable to keep it to himself any longer, 'the man in the know' imparts the gladsome news. There ensues ceaseless chat about it, calculations as to how much the order is worth and how long it will last. Opinions will be freely expressed concerning the possibility of new men being started, and as to whether new jigs, tools, and gauges will be necessary. Moreover, they will often vie with one another to get the first job for the new order, and the fortunate man will be as proud as the man who gets a brand new jig to make. To see the interest they take one would think they were shareholders, until one remembers that it is not so much interest in the firm's business as a desire to know how long their job is likely to last. The knowledge that a big order has been booked never fails to have a stimulating effect upon the men.

Perhaps the greatest mistake made by industrial psychologists and efficiency experts is in regarding the workman as a machine. They appear to ignore him as a being with individuality, and they take little notice of varying conditions of health, the effect of domestic troubles, etc. After all, the wage-earner is a human being with some sort of personality. He is subject to the same emotions, to a lesser degree perhaps, as poets, artists, musicians, scientists, and writers. Why not treat him as such? It is as inhuman to expect the worker to turn out the same amount of work of the same quality

hour by hour, day by day, as it is absurd to expect the same of professional men. I know from personal experience how difficult it is to concentrate the mind on the work when one is worried by home affairs. The nerves become jagged, one cannot seem to get on at all, and the output and quality suffer. I have in mind an incident of one of the best mechanics I ever met, who spoilt a whole lot of work by a very simple yet stupid misreading of a drawing. Upon investigation it was found that he was worried about the illness of his child!

The best of workmen are seldom two days alike. One day a man will be as 'fit as a fiddle,' and will work with a will, singing, whistling, and cracking jokes with all and sundry. Next day, maybe, he will be silent: something has upset him, and he will go about his work in a half-hearted fashion. 'I don't know what's the matter with me, but I don't feel a bit like it,' he will say. If the shop be composed of cheerful men they will endeavour to brighten him up, and the chances are that within an hour he will have partially overcome the fit of depression. I have repeatedly noticed that in those shops where the men are allowed a certain amount of latitude, where no notice is taken if they sing and whistle, and occasionally chat to one another, the men are much more cheerful, and cheerful men are always the best workers. They chaff each other, 'pull one another's legs,' play harmless practical jokes with the zest of school-boys, yet the output does not suffer one iota. On the contrary, it tends to improve.

The whole harmony of a shop may easily be destroyed by one man. It may be a foreman, underforeman, or leading hand: or it may be one of the men whose peculiar psychology causes him to have a complex against every other man in the shop, and which makes him disagreeable to work with. In most cases it is the man who, 'clothed in a little authority,' thinks he has a perfect right to domineer and bully everyone. There is so much in the way a man speaks. Men resent being 'ordered.' They like being 'requested.' The foreman with a harsh voice, domineering manner, and complete absence of manners, who never says 'please' when he asks a man to do a job, or 'thank you' when it is brought to him finished: the man who never dreams of saying 'You've made a good job of that,' but merely grunts, earns the resentment of the men, and is known as a surly pig. 'Miserable old devil. Can't speak to us properly. I'm not going to worry about his blinking job,' is the usual comment. On the other hand, I have seen men work willingly and cheerfully

for a foreman who possesses those attributes. 'There's one thing about it, old Harpley does speak to a man properly. He does say 'please' and 'thank you.' It's a treat to do a job for him.'

I remember a new foreman being appointed in a shop I was working in some years ago. Although not very old, his hair was as white as the driven snow, so we decided to call him 'Snowball.' It only lasted a couple of days, however. His method of approach was 'Now, my lad, I've got a nice little job for you. Just put this shaft in the lathe and make it like the drawing. Make a good job of it, there's a good chap.' When finished he would say, with affected surprise, 'What! Done already? Well, well! Now, that's what I call a very nice job. Thank you, my lad.' In less than a week we were prepared to do any mortal thing for him—quickly and properly.

With all due deference to the efficiency experts, I submit that whilst fatigue study may, indeed does, reduce accidents and increase output, it is questionable whether such schemes make work more pleasant, and that surely should be the main consideration. Equally as much efficiency could be obtained by the 'humanising' of working conditions in such a way as to make the task less irksome. The fastest movements are often the most tiring in the end. If the workers were taught to avoid bad habits of work, and if the surroundings were made healthy and pleasant, they may safely be left to adjust themselves to the task.

Many may think all this pure sentiment and a stupid preference for inefficiency. My experience teaches me that were the foregoing suggestions given effect to, the average wage-earner would come to regard his daily occupation in the same light as he now regards his hobby—he would be glad to go to work. The result would undoubtedly be increased interest in work, happy, contented work-people, better quality work, enhanced output, and prosperity in industry.

LITERARY ACROSTICS

THE Editor of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of at least £3 to the most successful solvers of this series of four Literary Acrostics. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number: the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is opened first.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 42.

(The Second of the Series.)

'Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!'
'Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore.'

1. 'The grove that crowns yon —— hill.'
2. 'Thou rugged nurse of savage men!'
3. ' —— of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?'
4. ' —— be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!'
5. 'The —— tints that gild the greenest bough.'

All these quotations are from Byron's 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.'

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed on page xii of 'Book Notes' in the preliminary pages of this issue.
4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back.
5. Solvers must on no account write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.
6. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.
7. Answers to Acrostic No. 42 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than August 20.

ANSWER TO No. 41.

1. S	nu	B
2. A	oto	R
3. V	al	E
4. A	rabi	A
5. G	ras	S
6. E	nchantmen	T

PROEM: Congreve, *The Mourning Bride*, i. 1.

LIGHTS:

1. Mrs. Gaskell, *Cranford*, ch. 1.
2. Shakespeare, *King Richard II*, v. 2.
3. Gray, *Elegy*.
4. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, v. 1.
5. Hood, *The Song of the Shirt*.
6. Campbell, *The Pleasures of Hope*, part 1.

Acrostic No. 40 ('Possibly Sweetest'): Three of the lights proved extremely difficult: no one found the quotation from *Frankenstein*, only two solvers sent 'Steele,' and only four sent 'Phoebus.' The Shakespeare quotation was known by every one, and only one competitor missed 'Yeast.' Sixty-nine competitors sent in their answers: one solver gained 9 points, two gained 8, twelve gained 7, and fifty-two were less successful; besides these, one answer had no pseudonym, and one had no coupon.

THE TENTH SERIES.

The maximum number of points obtainable was 36, a score achieved by no one. Edumis scored 35; Riceyman and Ubique, 34; Bimbo, Hazel, Oiseau, Omar, Penthemeron, Sabrina, Square, Wynell, and Yoko, 33. The first three will take the money prizes: Edumis receives twenty-five shillings, Riceyman and Ubique one pound each. The destination of the book prizes must be decided by a further test, and the nine competitors who scored 33 must attempt the following acrostic. Answers must arrive not later than August 20; they may be in the same envelope, but not on the same sheet of paper, as the answers to No. 42; no coupon is required.

EXTRA DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

'Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the —— and —— are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.'

1. 'Mine the quick light that in the —— glows,
And mine the day-dream in the lonely glade.'
2. 'She was never a good sailer, except when going directly
before the wind.'
3. 'I have hunted most things, from men and women down to
mosquitos; I have dived for coral; I have followed both
whales and tigers.'
4. 'She opened that dark monument,
And found her slave within it.'
5. 'Fair, modest eyes had she, the girl he loved;
A silent creature, thoughtful, grave, ——.'

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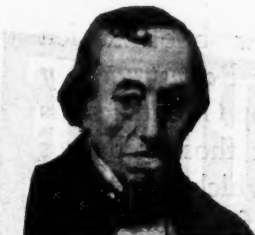
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

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